THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE SACRED SOIL

Of Ireland's Two and Thirty Counties to Arrive in Chicago per "The Iron Horse" in a Few Days.

A Clear Case of the Mountain Moving Toward Mahommed—Since Most Irish-Americans Cannot go to Ireland, the Soil of their Fatherland Will be Brought to Them in Chicago.

In a little over two weeks the Irish-Americans of Chicago will be able to frolic on the genuine "old Irish sod." Thirty-two tons of soil from as many counties of the Emerald Isle are now on their way to Chicago, where during the season the great Irish Fair will be in progress at Battery D and the Second Regiment Armory, the Irish-Americans can dance the jigs and reels of their early days on the real old soil. To step on Irish soil is the life-dream of every person with a drop of Celtic blood in his veins. It is given to few who live in America to achieve this. The trip to Ireland is costly, and takes valuable time. Ordinarily, therefore, only the rich or well to do can set foot on the old sod.

When the Irish Fair opens on the 4th of December, any one may walk on the historic earth of the Emerald Isle. The Ancient Order of Hibernians under whose auspices the Fair will be held, realizing that the great body of Irish-Americans cannot go to Ireland, have arranged to bring Ireland to the Irish-Americans in Chicago.

In the centre of the Second Regiment Armory a relief map of Ireland will be planted. Mr. Francis P. Hanlon, the special commissioner sent to Ireland by the management of the Fair, and who is now in Dublin, issued the necessary orders over a week ago, to have one ton of soil dug from each of the thirty-two counties. This unique consignment has been placed in the care of the White Star Steamship Company, and is expected to arrive in New York next Saturday. The consignment will be immediately loaded on freight cars and started West, and will arrive in Chicago the latter part of next week.

In honor of this occasion, the Ancient Order of Hibernians will turn out en masse to welcome the soil of their native land. Every division from the various sections of the city will be represented, and the boxes of earth will be lifted from the freight cars, placed on flat wagons and conveyed to Battery D with all the ceremonies incidental to an Irish celebration. With this contribution from the home of the Celt, comes another feature which will awaken memories in the hearts of the old-time Irishmen. A frisky little donkey, with a suspicious twinkle in his eye, will drag an Irish jaunting-car from its quarters on the freight train, and follow in the line of procession which leads to Battery D. Both donkey and cart have been features on the streets of Dublin for several years, and both tourist and native will recognize the donkey which has gained the reputation for general devilishness among the people who have had the pleasure of riding behind him.

Tim O'Rourke, in green waistcoat and corduroy breeches, will urge the animal to behave himself during his advent in Chicago society, but as Tim generally does his coaxing around the front end of the donkey, little credence can be placed on his influence. However, when this feature of the exhibit reaches Battery D it will have to behave itself, as John T. Keating, Secretary of the Fair, has announced that both donkey and Tim O'Rourke will have to attend to business a-la-Chicago carette.

The Irish soil will be the most unique exhibit ever shown in this country, and its drawing powers are certain to be phenomenal. The man or woman who would not cheerfully pay fifty cents or a dollar toward the Emmet Memorial Building Fund, to put foot once more on the soil of his native country, is certainly not to be found among the warm hearted patriotic Irish-Americans. During the progress of the Fair, the historic soil will be sold by the ounce, for delivery after the close of the exhibition. This, too, is certain to make a good sum, for it will be the only opportunity ever offered to get a bit of the genuine Irish sod for a keep sake of home.

The materials used in the walls and roof of the many booths will be almost as interesting as the floor itself. In many instances, the walls and frame work will be made of timber cut on the estate of Robert Joyce Flaherty, brother of Patrick E. Flaherty, the well-known Irish leader.

In the line of exhibits, this exhibition immediately places itself as an instructive and interesting occasion for both the old and young whether Irish-Americans or of any other nationality. Thus far the management of the Fair has succeeded in obtaining such relics as will prove of the greatest interest to all those to whom Irish history is dear. Every portion of the Emerald Isle has been visited by the commissioner, with a view obtaining such things as would arouse enthusiasm in the hearts of the local Irish-American.

Among these will be an interesting collection of exhibits from Glendalough, a tree from Raleigh's garden, some of the ground and a piece of rock on which William Penn stood when he sailed from Blackrock to America, an autograph letter from Archbishop Cooke, thousands of paper weights made from battlefield and fortification stones, with a memorial from the battlefields of '98 and Clontarf.

All of these features have been mapped out. There will be scores of others, that will suggest themselves before Commissioner Hanlon returns for the opening of the Fair. He will have hundreds of special views taken for stereopticon lectures, to be delivered at the Fair, and he is receiving scores of suggestions and offers every day at the Shelbourne hotel in Dublin where he has established headquarters. Every newspaper in Ireland is helping him along, as a token of the appreciation they feel for Chicago's enterprise in sending a commissioner across the water for the benefit of the Fair. The Irish editors have taken a keen interest in the proposed exhibition, and the daily and weekly papers give up whole columns of space to the affair.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Chicago have taken the keenest interest in the success of this enterprise, and since the idea was first suggested, they have each manifested an individual interest in its ultimate success. The members of the many different divisions of the Society, have subscribed liberally to the support of the undertaking, and a friendly spirit of rivalry has been manifested as to which division should dispose of the greatest number of to the Fair.

TO HIBERNIANS.

"Help the old Order that wants to go home,
Long has its lot been to wander and roam.
We have paid rental to Gentile and Turk:
Now for this home of our own we will work.
By united action in the near future we'll see
The Emmet Memorial Hall in this land of the free.
Where our people can meet and join heart and hand
To work for the freedom of our dear motherland."

P. J. REYNOLDS.

LAKE VIEW IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB.

On Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., the above-named club presented the well known play, "Kathleen Mavourneen," at Lincoln Turner hall, and it proved to be the event of the season. A brilliant audience occupied the seats, while hundreds stood in the aisles and lobbies. The performance was given exclusively by members of the club, and ranked among the best amateur dramatic entertainments ever given in Chicago.

The story of the play is too well known to require mention. Where all did so well, each is deserving of special mention. The role of Kathleen was, fortunately, assigned to Miss Rose Gilligan, who won the hearts and admiration of the audience, both by her appearance and acting. Many professional actresses would have envied her rendition of the part, which was an agreeable surprise to all present. Mr. J. J. Lavelle looked and acted the part of Terrence O'More with skill, grace and naturalness. His Irish brogue was from nature's sweet fountain, and gave an added charm and dignity to his efforts. Mr. J. P. Heavey as O'Connor and Mr. E. P. Schaefer as Father O'Cassidy, looked and acted their parts to the life, receiving applause at each appearance. Mr. J. R. Dreelan as Bernard Kavanaugh gave force and feeling to his fine and well studied characterization. Mr. Nahrof as Bill Button Cap elicited shouts of laughter, and it was regretted that the part was so short. The same may be said of Harry Whalen, who made a hit as Dennis. Mr. J. J. O'Shea made a typical soldier, in the part of Capt. Clearfield, and spoke his lines in rich and sonorous tones. Mr. George S. McDonnell, as Black Rody, made, as he deserved, a great hit. Mr. McDonnell ranks with the best of professional actors. Mr. Edward Kelly rendered Red Barney in capital style. Among the most pleasing features was the appearance of Miss Mollie Gilligan as Kitty Laverty, and Miss Maud Louden as Dorothy Kavanaugh. Both ladies were highly appreciated by the audience.

The excellent work of Mr. S. J. Forhan, as stage director, contributed much to the artistic success of the play. An impromptu reception and hop closed the entertainment. S. F.

Liberty Council, I. N. A.

The regular monthly meeting of Liberty Council, I. N. A., will be held Friday evening, Nov. 19 at 8 p. m. in Dougherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth street. A full attendance of the members and their friends is expected, as business of importance will be transacted.

M. HEANEY, Pres.
PATRICK RICE, Sec'y.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

IRISH CLAN SYMBOLS.

They are as Ancient as the Milesians and Did Not Come Into the Country for the First Time with the Norman Invaders.

Why the Three Rampant Lions Became a Royal Irish Cognizance—Origin of Other Well Known Devices.

(Copyright, 1897, by M. J. Murphy.)

There are many good reasons for accepting an extreme antiquity of origin in the various heraldic devices possessed by the chief familes of Ireland, which, originally used as "clan-badges," modernly termed coats-of-arms, armorial insignia, etc., are found recorded in the heraldic college entries of Great Britain and Ireland.

The curious, seeking for evidence of such antiquity, find recorded in the Irish annals a tradition that Gaodhal or Gael (the putative founder of the Gaelic race or Clan-na-Gael) miraculously saved from the poison of a serpent's bite by the imposition of the rod of Moses—his contemporary—did thereafter in imitation of Hebraic practices, use as badge or symbol "a rod entwined of a serpent," which became the badge or symbol of his clan or race. This, with other devices of birds and beasts, continued for many generations the sign by which the Gaelic tribes, septs or familels were known until, in the wanderings of the family, under lead of Milesius, another incident occurs bearing on the most striking feature of Celtic heraldry—the lion. This tradition relates that the Celtic tribes passing through Africa led by the warrior Milesius were surprised by a herd of lions, three of whom Milesius valiantly slew by his own prowess. This feat, no remarkable, was proud'y perpetuated by him. Causing a shield or banner struck with a device of "three lions," he bore this badge as his own to Spain, where, pending his preparations for a final settlement in the "isle of destiny," he died. On his sons Heber, Heremon and Ir devolved the task of leading the Milesian tribes to the conquest of Erin, then held by the Tuath-da-Danaans, principally. The Milesian brothers on effecting their purpose divided the cognizance of their father—the thaee lions—among them (as they did the land); these badges became fixedly the devices by which the various divisions of the races of Heber, Heremon and Ir were ever afterward identified. These two traditions are then the genesis of Milesian heraldry. If we believe in tradition and the antiquity of our race then we accept; if we do not credit tradition and believe in ourselves—then we reject.

To the skeptic tradition is not altogether acceptable; but even a superficial examination of the various shields of coat-armor of Irish clan, sept or families, as Burke gives them, would seem to the doubtful ample verification or justification of the veracity of the ancient tradition. Learned volumes have been written concerning the origin of armorial devices, by such eminent authorities as Pere Menestries, Sir John Herne, Mackenzie, the profound Guillim, the painstaking Burke and Lodge; but while various periods are assigned for the development of the system or "science" of heraldry, the majority accept the sacred Scriptures as evidence to the antiquity of its beginnings. The patriarch Jacob who blessing his sons gave them a distinctive badge or shield to mark the twelve tribes of Israel, was no doubt the father of modern heraldry. The intimate association of the Gaelic tribes with the Hebraic tribes no doubt influenced the former to adopt the practices of the latter. It is very reasonable then to assume that Gaelic heraldry is one of the earliest offsprings of Hebraic heraldry. The "lion" in various postures and the "serpent" in every position known to the science of heraldry form the basic elements of Irish coat-armor on the shields of the O'Neill, the MacMurrogh, the O'Brien, the O'Sullivan, the O'Hart, the O'Farrell, and these are the recognized heads of the various septs, clans or families of the great divisions of the Milesian race—the houses of Heber, Heremon and Ir. Two notable exceptions are the blazons of the family of MacCarthy (House of Heber), and the O'Connor Connacht (House of Heremon); who bear respectively a "stag trippant" and "an oak tree surmounted by an Irish crown." In nearly all cases, the chief and subordinate families who derive origin or deduce their pedigree through the above-mentioned principal families, bore as arms or badges the lion or the serpent (or both) modified or "differenced"—but all strikingly resembling the "clan badge" of the parent stock and all adhering to the tradition.

It is the sheerest nonsense, therefore, to assert (as has often been done) that Irish family arms were invented or introduced by the Normans in Ireland. That they who came with gorgeous trapping and gaily decorated shield, blazoned in brand new devices of a new-born and in most cases mythical lineage, largely influenced or gave impetus to the general use of such devices among the Irish chiefs is highly probable; but granting such a probability, it was but suggesting to an old and eminently aristocratic race (as the Celtic race were) the new development of an old idea. The descendants of that motley crowd of races—whom Emerson styles "twenty thousand thieves"—did not as a rule bear any devices similar to the Celtic clan symbol. Emerson again pithily observes they showed a very just conviction of their own merits by adopting as their types, symbols which were swine, goats, jackals, leopards, panthers and wolves. A very careful examination of the family arms of the Norman-Irish shows that only those of the leaders of the Anglo-Norman invaders—who had some pretensions to a respectable antiquity—bore on their shields the lion "rampant" or "passant." These were the Franco-Norman families of the De Burghos or Burkes; De Lacy, Grace, Jordan, Dillon (claimed as of Celtic origin); De La Field, Everard, Dalton, and the presumably English families of Talbot and Cooke. None of the Fitzgeralds and their various offspring bore the lion. It must not be forgotten that with the above-named exceptions (and possibly a few others) the great mass of Norman settlers in Ireland feel too happy if they can date their origin from the men whom the great American philosopher treats with scanty courtesy and whose stamp of respectability is the Battle Roll of Hastings. Further, their assimilation with the native Irish, the commingling of their very impure blood with the pure current of the Celt was, for them at least, a very fortunate happening.

The "Celtic" lion is not a plagiarized "British" lion, as the vulgar error holds, but the symbol of the Milesian race. It matters little whether such a device is found in Teutonic or Latin heraldry; it is but a coincidence which the limits of this article have nothing whatever to do with. No doubt on the general assumption of surnames in conformance with the monarch Brian's edict, the new subdivisions of the various tribes assumed new devices or badges that they might be the better known in battle or in council. That the arms may have been very rude in conception, in their ancient forms, is probable. The French gave the science of coloring, charging, quartering and differencing to heraldry; the Crusades and their spirit gave a great impulse to these quaint and historic cognizances in all Christian lands; it is but a sequence that Ireland's noble families kept abreast with their neighbors in adopting new systems of blazoning and tinting their shields and banners. Hence it is we find the cross in "saltire, engrailed, botony, flory" and the various modifications which the science of heraldry ordained. This, with the escallop or "pilgrim's shell" is found on many Irish arms—a relic no doubt of the Crusades and their times. With these innovations came the "ordinaries and subordinaries," "marks of cadency" by which the various branches of the family were immediately distinguished from the parent stem and so in accordance with the very complicated system which the science made mandatory on bearers of arms.

Soon after the Norman invasions what were known as "visitations" by heralds appointed by the crown "confirmed" or rejected the arms of the chief families and these visitations, supposed to be made every thirty or forty years, played sad havoc among the old and hereditary devices by which Irish clans were originally known. Some totally disappeared, others became so burdened with additions and modifications that only one skilled in the science of the heraldic craft can discover the connection with the parent insignia.

Among those who bear the original ensign of Milesius are the O'Brien of Munster family, and old Eberian stock. It is supposed that the monarch Brian Boru (the head and founder of the house) first assumed this device. Then the badge of Ulster—the "red hand of the O'Neills"—which probably was the national standard of Ireland for six hundred years, was anciently the badge of the Clanna Ruadhri, the famous Red Branch Knights of Ulster which the O'Neill appropriated to himself, discarding the Heremonian lion of his race. The Mac Murrogh, however, retained it while the O'Connor used the "oak surmounted by a crown," the type of great and fruitful stock whose chief scions the O'Neills, the Mac Murroghs and O'Connors—all of the race of Heremon—held supremacy over the most important divisions of Erin: Ulster, Leinster and Connacht. The O'Farrel, representative house of the race of Ir, still retain the rampant lion of the original division. The race of Ith and its posterity not being accounted, strangely, of the Milesian stock (though brother to the founder of it) do not in a single instance blazon the Milesian device. The more examination this untrod field of Celtic antiquity receives the more interesting does it become; for many beautiful traditions relating to the origin of the O'Donnell, O'Hart, O'Conroy, Connellan and hundreds of others exist which, if known, would inspire a much more reverential feeling for these old relics of the past than certainly does obtain. The crest or ornament which surmounts the blazon of arms originally worn on the helmet is a modern innovation and had no part in the old system of "clan-badge." Of course mottoes are but the old war cries or adaptations of them. JOHN G. LEE.

Good Times have come to those whom Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured of scrofula, catarrh, dyspepsia, rheumatism, weak nerves, or some other form of impure blood.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

DID WASHINGTON DISCRIMINATE

Against the Foreign-Born Soldiers of the American Revolutionary Army? Looks As If He Thought a Good Deal of Tall "Natives."

The Knownothing Shibboleth, "Put None But Americans On Guard Tonight," Attributed to the Big Virginian Proven to Be a Myth.

The American-Irish Historical society has just investigated the order attributed to Gen. Washington: "Put none but Americans on guard to-night!" The committee making the investigation consisted of Secretary-General T. H. Murray, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of the Bureau of Statistics, U. S. Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.; the Hon. Joseph T. Lawless, Secretary of State, Virginia, and Col. O'Brien Moore, publisher of the Daily Gazette, Charleston, W. Va. The matter was referred to the War Department and Col. Ainsworth, chief of the record office, thus replies:

RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Nov. 2, 1897.—*Mr. J. D. O'Connell, Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.—Dear Sir:* I have the honor to return herewith a letter addressed to you by Mr. Thomas H. Murray, editor of the Evening Tribune, Pawtucket, R. I. In this letter, which was received through the refereeue of Mr. O'Brien Moore, together with a communication from yourself, reference is made to a statement made by Dr. D. P. Conyngham in the publication entitled "Ireland, Past and Present," to the effect that the order, "Put none but Americans on guard tonight," attributed to Washingtou, actually read "Put none but Irish or Americans on guard tonight," and that the original order is still preserved in the archives at Washington.

In reply to your letter of inquiry, I beg to say that a careful search of the Revolutionary records on file in this department and elsewhere in Washington has resulted in failure to find either an order to "Put none but Irish or Americans on guard tonight," or an order to "Put none but Americans on guard tonight." There is on file an order, dated Cambridge, July 7, 1775, and printed in the American Archives, fourth series, Vol. II., p. 1,634, of which the following is an extract:

"* * * The General has great reason, and is highly displeased with the negligence and inattention of those officers who have placed as sentries at the outposts men with whose characters they are not acquainted. He therefore orders that for the future no man shall be appointed to those important stations who is not a native of this country, or has a wife or family in it, to whom he is known to be attached. This order is to be considered as a standing one, and the officers are to pay obedience to it, at their peril. * * *"

In the volume entitled "Record of Connecticut Men in the War of the Revolution, etc.," published by the adjutant-general of the State of Connecticut in 1889, there is to be found, on page 299, a statement to the effect that an order was issued at Valley Forge, March 17, 1776, increasing Washington's body guard by 100 men.

It is also stated that this order contained the following requirement: "As the General's guard is composed of Virginians, the following draughts will be taken from the troops of other states. Height of men, from five feet eight to five feet ten; age, from 20 to 30, and men of established character for sobriety and fidelity. They must be American born."

The original of that order is not on file in this department, and it is therefore impossible to verify the statement referred to above. It is probable, however, that the adjutant-general of Connecticut can advise you with regard to the present location of the original order, or as to the authority upon which the quotation that purports to have been made from it was based.

Under date of Morristown, April 30, 1777, Washington addressed a letter (Spark's Writings of Washington, Vol. IV., p. 407) to Col. Alexander Spotswood, and to three other colonels of regiments, of which the following is a copy:

"SIR: I want to form a company for my guard. In doing this I wish to be extremely cautious, because it is more than probable that, in the course of the campaign, my baggage, papers and other matters of great public import, may be committed to the sole care of these men. This being premised, in order to impress you with proper attention in the choice, I have to request that you will immediately furnish me with four men of your regiment; and, as it is my further wish, that this company should look well and be nearly of a size, I desire that none of the men may exceed in stature five feet ten inches, nor fall short of five feet nine inches, sober, young, active and well made. When I recommended care in your choice, I would be understood to mean men of good character in the regiment, that possess the pride of appearing clean and soldierlike. I am satisfied there can be no absolute security for the fidelity of this class of people, but yet I think it most likely to be found in those who have family connections in the country. You will therefore send me none but natives, and men of some property, if you have them. I must insist that, in making this choice, you give no intimation of my preference of natives, as I do not want to create any invidious distinction between them and the foreigners. I am yours, etc."

Except as stated above, nothing has been found in any of the orders or letters of Washington that has any bearing upon the subject of your communication. In this connection it is proper to remark that John J. Lalor, in his "Cyclopedia of Political Science, Political Economy, and of the Political History of the United States," (Vol. I., p. 86) speaks of the order "Put none but Americans on guard tonight" as a "mythical order of Washington," and states that it was a favorite countersign of the political organization known as the "Knownothing" or "American" party.

Very respectfully,
F. C. AINSWORTH,
Colonel U. S. Army,
Chief Record and Pension Office.

Commenting on the above, Secretary-General Murray, of the American-Irish Historical society, observes: "The alleged order, 'Put none but Americans on guard tonight,' may, therefore, be set down as bogus. There is nothing in the official records at the national capital to show that Washington ever issued such an order. I have never believed that he did. I am doubly convinced now that he did not.

"Indeed, speaking of outpost duty, Washington puts on an equal footing with natives all others of good character, provided they have a wife or family in this country, etc. Thus he does not draw the line at foreign-born soldiers.

"As for his body guard, the rolls show many distinctively Irish names. Their bearers may have been American born, or the order requiring natives may have been relaxed. Condon (the Irish Race in America, pp. 234-235) states that among Washington's guard were Jeremiah Driscoll, Charles Dougherty, T. Manning, James Hughes, D. Manning, S. Daily, William Hennessy, Thomas Gillen, Denis Moriarty and others bearing names of that kind."

VINCENT H. PERKINS.

The Democrats of the Sixth District have chosen as their candidate for Congress a widely known and much respected citizen, Vincent H. Perkins. He is a lawyer of high standing at the Chicago bar, and has made a fine reputation as a public speaker. Mr. Perkins has been prominent in every political campaign since he made Chicago his home.

He was born at Tollesboro, Lewis county, Ky., in 1856. He lived in that county until he was 23 years of age, and was then appointed deputy collector of internal revenue for the Seventh Kentucky District and moved to Lexington. He served in this capacity through the first term of President Cleveland and at the end of his term resumed the practice of law, which he continued until he was reappointed deputy collector when President Cleveland began his second term. As far back as 1878 Mr. Perkins visited Chicago and established business relations here, which led him to make a resolution to some day take up his permanent residence in this city. Although he continued to make frequent visits to the city he was unable to carry out his resolution until 1894, when he took up his residence at 194 Cass street, in the Twenty-fourth Ward, where he has lived ever since. Last spring Mr. Perkins was nominated on the Democratic ticket for North Town Supervisor and was elected by a majority of 4,184.

He is a typical Kentucky gentleman, of imposing appearance and polished manners, tall, distinguished-looking and an orator of the first rank; a man who will win recognition in the halls of Congress if he should be chosen by his constituency, as he fully expects to be.

Mr. Perkins has broad views on national subjects and, although his continuous residence in Chicago has not been of great duration, his knowledge of local conditions and requirements is thorough.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On next Thursday (Thanksgiving Day) at the grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street, the Gaelic Athletic Association will wind up the games for the season with a challenge hurling contest between the Sarsfields and Inisfails for $50 a side, and a percentage of the gate receipts. The modey is in the hands of a stakeholder, and all arrangements are perfected for the contest, which promises to be the finest witnessed this season, as both teams are putting their best men in the field. Among those who will do battle for the Sarsfields will be Doran, Cahill, Walsh (2), Cronin, Fitzgerald, Moloney (2), Mulcahy, Cooney, Farrell, Ryan, Twohill and Hanrahan, and the Inisfails will be represented by Conway, Sexton, Callahan (2), Furlong, Lehane, Naughton, McCarthy, Donoghue, Sullivan, White (2) and O'Connell. All who desire to see a good exhibition of the old artional game will be well compensated by visiting the grounds on Thanksgiving Day.

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"Sunset Limited" runs twice a week, via an ideal winter route. Write today for rates and complete particulars. Chicago & Alton ticket office, 101 Adams street; Southern Pacific ticket office, 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

LATE NEWS FROM CUBA

Arrival of Consul General Is Anxiously Expected.

PURPOSES OF THE INSURGENTS.

After All Uncle Sam May Be Asked to Act as an Intermediary in Arranging Terms of Peace Between the Island and Spain—The Policy of General Blanco, the New Ruler in Cuba, Outlined—Chivalry of an Insurgent.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Important advices are expected from Consul General Lee in Havana this week. By this time, it is thought, some idea should be had as to whether General Blanco's policy is causing improvement in the condition of the starving reconcentrados. The prospects of negotiations between the Spanish authorities and the insurgents may also be determined by the presence of General Lee. The insurgent leaders have already stated unmistakably that

GENERAL FITZ HUGH LEE.

they will not accept autonomy. Little hope is felt in administration circles that they will change their minds. Nevertheless an intimation has been thrown out that General Gomes and his associates in the field were waiting an opportunity to communicate with the representatives of the United States.

Inkling of Their Purpose.

Their position is said to be that as this country has offered its good offices to Spain to end the war it is competent to receive a suggestion from other parties to the war. An inkling of their purpose has been received. This is to make known through the consul general their desire to have the United States act as intermediary with Spain in arranging the terms of peace, but peace as a basis of independence. This is meant as a counter movement to the proffer of autonomy. A proposition from the insurgents for mediation by the United States on the basis suggested might be transmitted to Washington, but it would hardly go further. The feeling, based on pretty accurate information, is that before long both the Sagasta ministry and the insurgents will be availing themselves of the good offices of this country, though just how this will come about is uncertain. Some sanguine officials predict peace within three months.

GIVES POLICY OF GENENAL.

General Pando Says That It Represents Energy Without Cruelty.

Havana, Nov. 15.—General Pando, chief of Captain General Blanco's military staff(defines Spain's new policy as follows:

"I am identified with the government and with the illustrious General Blanco because both represent tolerance without debility and energy without cruelty. I have always believed that policy is a factor in the plans of every general-in-chief and the policy of today compatible with an energetic military action consists in being generous with the repentant and inexorable with the impenitent traitors. This is the policy of the government and of General Blanco, which I propose to follow, seconding it with the loyalty which has always characterised my public actions.

"It is a very grave error to suppose that the political concessions of the Spanish government have been given to an enemy to secure peace. They are given to the loyal and to the repentant; but for the incendiaries, the dynamiters, Spain reserves the action of force, energetic and without temporizing measures. Cuba, then, to avoid being a chaos or theater of bloody strife ought to remain Spanish, because only by belonging to Spain can be guaranteed its commercial relations with the civilized world, especially so when the Isthmus of Panama shall be no longer an isthmus or the two oceans be joined in some other manner. The United tSates is more interested than any other nation in Cuba remaining under the Spanish flag, because it prefers to assure the prosperity of its commerce to making enemies of Europe. About independence let us not speak, because no person of sane judgment ought to take into consideration such a hypothesis."

CHIVALRY OF AN INSURGENT.

Juan Delgado Sends Wounded Foes Back to Their Own Lines.

Havana, Nov. 15.—The chivalry of a Cuban leader, Juan Delgado, has illumined this barbarous war. Delgado and his forces had a hard fight with the Spanish regulars in the Hanbre hills, near Managua. In a brilliant charge and after hand-to-hand battling Delgado captured a Spanish captain and fourteen soldiers. Most of them were severely wounded by machetes. While Weyler was hre scores of wounded Cubans were stabbed to death with bayonets or shot to death as they lay stretched on the field. It fared differently with Degado's prisoners. His surgeons were not too busy with their own wounded to dress the wounds of their enemies. Then, while the fight was still raging, Delgado hoisted a flag of truce and under it returned to their commander the fifteen men with their wounds staunched and they had a chance for their lives. The splendid chivalry of this action touched the Spanish commander, who retired, sending word back to Delgado by the wounded men's escort:

"I will fight no longer today with an enemy who has treated wounded Spanish soldiers so nobly."

A plot is on foot to capture or kill Raoul Arango and Nestor Arangueren, the two Cuban leaders who have been so active in the vicinity of Havana. Bedies harassing the Spaniards, their presence near the city utterly confounds all the official statements about "pacification" and the "subsidence of the rebellion."

Spanish Spies in This Country.

Fort Smith, Ark., Nov. 15.—A young Spaniard who, for the past few years has resided in this city, is responsible for the statement made that two Spanish spies or emissaries of the Spanish government were in Fort Smith last Friday. The young man claims to have conversed with the two visitors. He says the spies are traveling all over the United tSates inspecting the forts and gathering statistics and data that would be of great value to their government in case of war with the nUited tSates.

ON CHICKAMAUGA FIELD.

Pennsylvanians Dedicate Monuments to Fallen Heroes.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 15.—Thousands of Pennsylvanians took part in the regimental dedicatory exercises. The survivors of the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Ninth, One Hundred and Forty- seventh, Forty-sixth, Twenty-ninth, and One Huidred and Eleventh held impressive exercises around their various monuments, formally dedicating them. At 1 o'clock, with their staff officers, they entered carirages at the foot of the mountain and were driven at once to Orchard Knob, arriving at about 2 o'clock. As early as 1 o'clock thousands of people began to go toward Orchard Knob, the historic old hill where the dedicatory ceremonies are taking place, and the number present is estimated at at least 10,000. Electric cars were packed, nearly all vehicles in the city were in use, and many of the veterans, forgetting their ages and dignities, marched two miles between the city and the hill.

The exercises began promptly at 2 o'clock, the vast assemblage being called to order by General William A. Robinson, the presiding officer. Dr. Thomas H. Robinson of Pittsburg delivered a fervent prayer. The Fifth regiment band from Fort McPherson, Ga., played a stirring air, and then Colonel Archibald Blakely, president of the Pennsylvania commmission, presented the monument to Governor Hastings.

WILMINGTON COAL FIELD IDLE.

Company Still at Work on the Stockade at Carbon Hill.

Coal City, Ills., Nov. 15.—At a meeting held at a place known as Monkey's Corner, near Braidwood, of Diamond, Braidwood and Braceville miners, it was decided to still continue the strike. This leaves the entire Wilmington coal field idle again, with the exception of the Coal City shafts, which have paid the Springfield scale, and Carbon Hill, where the men are working under the compromise scale of 77½ cents. A meeting was held at Carbon Hill but it was again decided to return to work. A meeting will be called here at which State Secretary Ryan and State President Hunter will be present to speak to the miners, and a final effort will be made to have the miners abandon work until a final settlement is made. The company still continues to build the stockade at Carbon Hill around No. 2 shaft. It is an eight-foot, tight-board fence and twenty-five houses have been moved inside the inclosure, and the managers say if the men want to work they will protect them.

WHOLE TEAM IS A CRIPPLE.

Delaware College Football Eleven Is Hopping Round on Crutches.

Wilmington, Del., Nov. 15.—The athletic department of Delaware college is unhappy. It longs to have the college eleven stay in the field and strive for football honors, but in view of the fact that every player on the team is suffering either from a broken leg, toe, nose, or collar-bone, it cannot see how it can do so. Therefore, it has reluctantly decided to disband the football team and has cincelled all games that it has ahead.

Five of the players are so badly injured about the legs, shoulders and face that they will have to wear splints and use crutches for several weeks. The athletic department at the college will have the apeparance of a hospital until after Christmas.

Said His Wife Shot Him.

Boston, Nov. 15.—Frank McLaughlin and his wife Mary, were found in an unconscious condition in their home in South Boston. Both had been shot and both, it is thought, will die. The man was revived by the physicians who were summoned and in a short time was able to talk. He informed the police that his wife had shot him while he was asleep, and that she afterwards attempted to kill herself. McLaughlin, who is in the advanced stage of consumption, had been ordered to the hospital. The police believe that his wife, driven to desperation, decided to end both of their lives. They had lived in abject destitution and there was only a single piece of bread in their rooms.

Shot and Killed His Sister.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 15.—Cecil Robinson, 14 years old, shot and instantly killed his 17-year-old sister, Mattie, at the Robinson home on Jefferson avenue. The shooting was accidental. Young Robinson pointed the revolver in the face of his sister, not knowing that it was loaded. When he pulled the trigger the weapon discharged a bullet into the girl's head. The young man was locked up, but was released when it was established that the shooting was an accident.

Broke His Leg.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—Isaac Woolf, the proprietor of Woolf's clothing house at Madison and Halsted streets, has suffered a broken leg. Mr. Woolf was getting on an Indiana avenue car at Madison street when he slipped and fell. He was placed in a carriage and taken to his home at Thirtieth street and Indiana avenue.

Christian Science Church at Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—The first Christian Scientist church of Chicago, and the largest house of that denomination in the world, has been dedicated. Four services, attended by 8,000 people, were held, visiting Christian Scientists from all over the country being present.

Delannist Candidate Elected.

Athens, Nov. 15.—M. Romas, the Delannist candidate, has been elected president of the chamber of deputies by a vote of 83 to 64. Eleven deputies refrained from voting.

CHANGE AT THE HOME.

That Is What the Illinois Veterans Want to See.

REPORT OF G. A. R. COMMITTEE.

The Belief Seems Prevalent That Trustees Woolf and Harlan and Also Superintendent Magner Must Go—Dr. Demotte Is Mentioned in Well Informed Circles for the Superintendency—Some Talk About the Scandal.

Bloomington, Ills., Nov. 15.—The report of the sub-committee from the Grand Army of the Republic to Governor Tanner, showing the opinion of the investigating body which looked into the charges of mismanagement at the soldiers' orphans' home, gices general satisfaction in this city and vicinity. As predicted after the committee met, the report would recommend sweeping changes in the management. The committee was careful, however, not to make public their objections to any private interview with the governor.

At the Governor's Option.

What transpired during the progress of the oral report is, of course, only surmise, and will only become public at the option of the executive. It will not surprise any one here to learn that the governor will appoint two trustees in place of Harlan and Wolfe, and that he will recommend the appointment of a successor to Superintendent Magner. Great pressure is being brought to bear toward saving Magner, but there is a strong feeling in central Illinois against him and the governor can hardly afford to ignore this resentment.

Out for Magner's Place.

It is thought that there can be no improvement in the affairs of the home unless there is entire new management. The retention of Magner and the appointment of a new board of trustees will be surely followed by friction and a repetition of the old trouble. Dr. Demotte of Bloomington, a former superintendent of the institution, is a candidate for the place and has strong backing. He is the editor of The Leader, the evening Republican organ here. He would not be averse to the position of resident trustee and it is generally believed that the governor will give him one or the other of these appointments.

Great Need of a Change.

His selection would give general satisfaction as his conduct of the home when superintendent was all that could be desired. In the entire history of the home, there has not been such fourth the scandal and complaints of mismanagement as have marked the institution for the past six months. That a change will do it good, is the unanimous opinion of the old soldiers and all those who have the good of the home at heart.

OFFICIAL VOTE IN OHIO.

Bushnell Has a Plurality of Over 28,000—Presidential Vote.

Columbus, O., Nov. 15.—The official vote in Ohio for the respective candidates for governor at the late election is thus recorded: Bushnell, Rep., 429,816; Chapman, Dem., 401,715; Holliday, Pro., 7,558; Coxey, People's party, 6,254; Dexter, National Dem., 1,661; Watkins, Socialist Labor, 4,242; Lewis, Negro Protective, 476; Liberty, 3,107. Bushnell's plurality, 28,101. The vote in Ohio for president McKinley and other candidates for president, given here for comparison, was: McKinley, Rep., 525,991; Bryan, Dem., 474,882; Bryan, People's party, 2,615; Levering, Pro., 5,068; Bentley, National Protective, 2,716; Matchett, Socialist Labor, 1,165; Palmer, National Dem., 1,858. McKinley's plurality, 51,109.

MAY HASTEN THE EXECUTION.

Supreme Court to Issue Its Mandate in the Durrant Murder Case.

Washington, Nov. 15.—On motion of Assistant Attorney Anderson the supreme court has decided to issue immediately its mandate in the Durrant murder case. No representative of Durrant was in court when the motion was made and the court after a hurried consultation on the bench announced through Chief Justice Fuller that the mandate should issue forthwith. Mr. Anderson thinks this will settle the matter and hasten Durrant's execution. He said he would have made the motion sooner but for the necessity of giving notice to Durrant's counsel.

Settled Out of Court.

Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 15.—The case against E. A. Van Valkenburg, charged with conspiring to bribe Representative-elect Webster C. Weiss of Northampton county to vote for John Wanamaker for United States senator as against State Senator Penrose, has been settled out of court. It was finally agreed upon by counsel for both sides for the trial to proceed, but when court convened it was announced that a settlement had been made. The case promised to be a sensational one. Mr. Wanamaker and Thomas Dolan of Philadelphia had both been subpoenaed as witnesses.

Referred to Judge Advocate General.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Secretary Alger has decided to refer to the judge advocate general of the army the record of the court of inquiry in the case of Captain Carter, corps of engineers, who is alleged to have been guilty of irregularities in the Savannah harbor improvement works. Nothing concerning the nature of the court's finding has been given out for publication by the war department but the action taken by Secretary Alger in referring the papers gives rise to the belief that further proceedings are to be had in the case.

Getting Ready for a Strike.

New York, Nov. 15.—A thousand men and women engaged in the second-hand clothing trade have banded themselves together with an organization to be known as the "Pressers, Cleaners and Bushelers' union." The members contemplate a strike before the end of the week looking to the betterment of their conditions, especially in the matter of wages. It was state that 1,900 employes in the cloak making industry are still out.

Lone Highwayman in Evidence.

Warren, Ida., Nov. 15.—The mail carrier was held up here by a lone highwayman and told to cut the mail sack open, which he did, and the robber took all the registered mail and letters. There was about $4,000 in cash.

DIED OF CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.

Alleged Mystery of a Chicago Man's Death Swept Away by a Doctor.

Chicago, Nov. 16.—John B. Ketcham, a well-known and wealthy citizen of Chicago, died yesterday morning at the home of his wife on Indiana avenue, and the fact that it was not known that he had a wife set tongues a-wagging, especially when the wife was discovered to be the widow of a man in a western city whose death she was accused of procuring, of which she was triumphantly acquitted, however.

A post-mortem examination held by Dr. Hall, of the coroner's office, on the body of Ketcham revealed the fact that it was due to chronic alcoholism. The verdict will entirely remove the cloud from the young and beautiful widow, who was married to Ketcham Sept. 24. In Milwaukee, and who by the provisions of his will becomes heiress to his estate.

A dispatch from Milwaukee says that Minnie Walkup and John B. Ketcham were married at the residence of Rev. W. A. Hunsberger in that city by Rev. I. P. Roberts, Sept. 24th last. The groom gave the name of his parents as Valentine and Rachel Ketcham and the parents of the bride are recorded as James and Elizabeth Wallace.

AUSTRIA REMARKED TO TURKEY,

"Come Down," and She Came and the Incident Is Closed.

London, Nov. 16.—According to a special dispatch from Vienna the Turkish government, in reply to the demand of Baron De Calice, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador to the Pert, for the dismissal of the Vali of Adana, Asia Minor, and of the mulessariff of Mersina, port of Adana, for the recent indignities offered to the Austrian merchant Brazzafoli, agent at Mersina of the Austrian Lloyd Steamship company, has agreed to dismiss both officials and to salute the Austrian flag. The incident is now closed.

The commanders of two Austrian warships had received instructions to bombard Mersina in case the Turkish government delayed giving satisfaction for the indignity beyond next Thursday at noon.

Puts the Democrats in Office.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 16.—The Wyoming supreme court yesterday rendered a decision in the Carbon county election case. The court decided that foreign-born citizens must be required to read the constitution in the English language in order to vote. There were 115 Finns who voted the Republican ticket but could not read the constitution in English. Their votes were accepted, as they could read it in their own language. The decision will put the Democratic candidates in office and settle a very important constitutional question.

Of Interest to Benefit Societies.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 16.—The court of errors and appeals yesterday affirmed the supreme court in the case of the Roxbury lodge, I. O. O. F., against William Hocking. When Hocking joined the Roxbury lodge the sick benefits were $3 a week. Subsequently they were changed to $5 a week for twenty-six weeks and $1 a week thereafter. Hocking was sick for a long time and sought to recover $3 a week for the period. The court decided in his favor.

Chicago's Challenge to Wisconsin.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 16.—Several members of the University of Wisconsin athletic council are still in Chicago, and until they return no decision will be made in regard to accepting Chicago's offer of a $5,000 guaranty for another game of foot ball.

Is This South Dakota Politics?

Minneapolis, Nov. 16.—A special from Britton, S. D., states that the office of The Sentinel, the Populist organ of Marshall county, was wrecked by dynamite Sunday night by unknown persons. The presses, type and building were badly damaged.

Porter Not a Candidate for Senator.

Washington, Nov. 16.—There is no truth in the statement recently published to the effect that Secretary to the President John Addison Porter will be a candidate for the United States senate at next year's election in Connecticut.

First Snow of the Season for Iowa.

Dubuque, Ia., Nov. 16.—The first snow of the season fell last night. It was general throughout northern Iowa.

The Weather We May Expect.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois—Clearing, colder weather; decided fall in temperature in southern portions; northerly winds. For Lower Michigan—Clearing, colder weather; brisk northerly winds. For Upper Michigan and Wisconsin—Fair, colder weather; brisk northerly winds. For Iowa—Fair weather; brisk northerly winds.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Nov. 15.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 94¾c, closed 94½c; May, opened 90½c, closed 89¾c. Corn—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 26½c, closed 26¾c; May, opened 30c, closed 29¾c. Oats—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened and closed 20¾c; May, opened 22c, closed 21¾c. Pork—December, opened $7.25, closed $7.22½; January, opened $.27½, closed $8.22½. Lard—December, opened and closed $4.15; January, opened $4.30, closed $4.17½; May, opened and closed $4.47½c.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22½c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; fresh packing stock, 12@12½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 18c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@9c per lb; chickens (hens), 6½c; spring chickens, 7c; ducks, 7½@8c. Potatoes—Northwestern, 28@45c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Jerseys, $3.00@3.75 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 15.

Dunning & Stevens, Live Stock Commission Merchants, East Buffalo, N. Y., quote as follows: Cattle—Receipts, 25 cars, including 53 of Canadas; market very dull and 10@15c lower for all sold up to noon; no heavy steers sold there with fully 50 loads here, good shippers $4.45@4.60; few choice, $4.65@4.70; light to good steers, $3.95@4.50; light to prime fat heifers, $3.30@4.20; fat cows, $3.25@3.65; bulls, $3.15@3.85; stockers dull and lower; bulk sales, $3.25@3.85; extra feeders, $3.90@4.10; fresh cows, light supply and higher. Hogs—Receipts, 200 cars; market opened dull and lower; bulk early sales Yorkers, mixed and mediums $3.50@3.55; pigs, $3.55@3.60, closing 5c lower. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 95 cars; 23 of them Canadas; market opened easier; lambs, 10@15c lower; sheep only steady for good handy lots and wethers; sales best lambs, $5.65@5.80; culls to good, $4.65@5.60; handy sheep firm, $4.25@4.50; others, $3.00@4.00; wethers and yearlings, $4.60@5.00.

WOMEN DO NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Modest Women Evade Certain Questions When Asked by a Male Physician, but Write Freely to Mrs. Pinkham.

An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful, they will lie to their physicians." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To this good woman they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence than the physician who personally questions them. Perfect confidence and candor are at once established between Mrs. Pinkham and her patients.

Years ago women had no such recourse. Nowadays a modest woman asks help of a woman who understands women. If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

And the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in:

"I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhœa in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pain no longer I was given morphine. My memory grew short, and I gave up all hope of ever getting well. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. My friends think my cure almost miraculous. Her noble work is surely a blessing to broken-down women."—GRACE B. STANSBURY, Pratt, Kansas.

DRAMATIC SCENE IN A JAIL.

Woman Not Allowed to Attend Her Murdered Husband's Funeral.

Camden, N. J., Nov. 16.—There was a dramatic scene in the Camden county jail yesterday morning when Mrs. Florence McCusker, who is held on the charge of murdering her husband, was notified that she would not be allowed to attend his funeral. The woman became hysterical, and she cried and raved like a maniac. As the carriages containing the relatives of the murdered man filed past the jail the shrieks of Mrs. McCusker could be plainly heard on the outside of the structure.

In her ravings she insisted that she was innocent of the murder. Mrs. McCusker sent a large floral offering. It was of red carnations in the shape of a heart, and the center was pierced by a spear. The murdered man's relatives refused, however, to allow the flowers to be placed on McCusker's grave.

ANOTHER MOONSHINER ATROCITY.

Murder of a Man and Two Women Laid at Their Doors.

Cincinnati, Nov. 16.—A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Fairburn, Ga., says: The Turner triple murder (in which a man and two women were the victims) is developing fresh sensations. At the coroner's inquest the scene of the shooting was thoroughly inspected and the manner of the deaths of the three victims settled beyond a doubt. The members of the jury are keeping quiet, but it is generally known that the theory is that the murdered trio met their death at the hands of moonshiners, who felt it necessary to get them out of the way to destroy incriminating evidence in their possession.

The federal authorities are considering the advisability of investigating this clue, and it is the verdict of the Turners' friends that this is the real cause for their murder. They were all found dead—Turner, his wife and her sister—in a potato patch.

WISCONSIN WILL CASE DECIDED.

But Is Will Go to the Supreme Court Before the Cash Is Divided.

Juneau, Wis., Nov. 16.—The jury in the second trial of the Baker contested will case in Judge Dick's court rendered a verdict in favor of the contestants Adelbert and Ruby Baker, children of Baker's first wife. Dennison Baker was a leading business man and one of the wealthiest citizens of Neosha. He died in February last, leaving a large fortune to his second wife, Nancy Baker, with the exception of some small amounts to the children by his first wife and five grandchildren. The estate was valued in the neighborhood of $100,000.

The contestants objected on the ground that the will was not executed in due form of law; that the testator was not of sound disposing mind and memory when he executed the will, and that he was under undue and improper influence when he signed the will. The will was set aside. An appeal to the supreme court will be taken.

Pennsylvania Monuments Dedicated.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 16.—Yesterday was a glorious day for the Pennsylvania veterans, who came here to dedicate their monuments to the memory of their heroism in the great war. The day was as bright and balmy as an afternoon in May and there was not a thing to mar the perfect enjoyment of the occasion. The dedicatory ceremonies occurred at Orchard Knob, where 5,000 people collected to witness them. Speeches were made by Hon. H. Clay Evans, Colonel Archibald Blakeley, Governor Hastings, General H. V. Boynton and others. A camp fire of Union and Confederate veterans was held last night.

Fitzsimmons Does the Graceful Thing.

Kansas City, Nov. 16.—In a letter which he makes public Robert Fitzsimmons, who is playing at one of the local theaters, tenders his resignation of membership in the Marion, Ind., lodge, B. P. O. E., into which order he was initiated recently. "Feeling that my admission to membership has placed your lodge in a position to be criticised, no matter how unjustly," says the letter, "I offer this resignation in the hope that your friendly relations with the order may be wholly restored."

Indian Murderer Captured.

Marinette, Wis., Nov. 16.—James Hardhead, the Indian who is charged with killing James Waubegon in Forest county, has been captured by James D. Polar in the northern part of Langlade county, after a four weeks' search. The crime was committed a month ago. Waubegon and Hardhead were camping on the shores of Sand lake, gathering ginseng. It is supposed that they had a quarrel over the medicinal root and that Hardhead finally shot Waubegon.

Smith Is Not in McCoy's Class.

Chicago, Nov. 16.—The six-round contest between Australian Billy Smith and "Kid" McCoy was stopped by the police in the first half of the second round last night. McCoy knocked Smith down twice in the first round, four times in the second and had him nearly out before the police interfered. The contest was McCoy's from start to finish, and Smith was never in it at any time.

Says the Wardens Were Murderers.

Denver, Nov. 16.—Rev. Myron W. Reed, pastor of Broadway temple, during his discourse Sunday created something of a sensation while discussing the killing of the Ute Indians by deputy game wardens in Colorado recently by declaring that he intended to see that Warden Wilcox and his deputies are tried for murder.

Wefers Gets a Scotch Verdict.

New York, Nov. 16.—The committee of the Amateur Athletic Union which investigated the charges of professionalism brought against B. J. Wefers, the sprinter, has rendered a verdict of "Not proven."

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

Bushnell's official plurality in Ohio is 28,101.

Homer Nash Hibbard, one of Chicago's wealthiest pioneers, is dead, aged 73.

The Nutriment company's plant at Chicago burned, causing a loss of $100,000.

Cattle near Eldora, Ia., are dying from eating cornstalks on which poisonous smut had gathered.

Mrs. Warren Beckwith, daughter of Robert T. Lincoln, has gone to Mount Pleasant, Ia., where she joined her husband.

Captain William Wyndham, who succeeds A. G. Vansittart as British consul in Chicago, has arrived, accompanied by his wife.

The Countess Boni de Castellane, nee Gould, has bought for 1,000,000 francs a site for a charity bazaar. This she will give away absolutely.

Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer told his congregation at New York that he had no intention of leaving his present charge to accept a call to Chicago or elsewhere.

Refined beet sugar produced wholly in Denmark will be subject to an additional duty when imported into this country of not less than .135 of 1 cent per pound.

Louis Scaemar had the poor taste to criticise three Chicago highwaymen who had held him up, and as a result the fellows stabbed him twice with his own knife.

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food. The blood is employed to carry nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. No medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is because it is the one true blood purifier. Hundreds of people are alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine by thousands.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TRUMPETER FRED.

By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER I.

A DANGEROUS MISSION.

There were only 30 in all that night when the troop reached the Niobrara and unsaddled along the grassy banks, rather slim numbers for the duty to be performed and with the captain away too. Not that the men had lack of confidence in Lieutenant Blunt, but it was practically his first summer at Indian campaigning, and, however well a young soldier may have studied strategy and grand tactics at West Point, it is something very different that is needed in fighting these wild warriors of our prairies and mountains. Blunt was brave and spirited—they all knew that—but in point of experience even Trumpeter Fred was his superior. All along the dusty trail, for an hour before they reached the ford, the tracks of the Indian ponies had been thickly scattered. A war party of at least 50 had evidently gone trotting down stream not six hours before the soldiers rode in to water their tired and thirsty steeds. No comrades were known to be nearer at hand than the garrison at Fort Laramie, 50 long miles away, or those guarding the post of Fort Robinson, right in the heart of the Indian country and in the very midst of the treacherous tribes along White river. And yet, under its second lieutenant and with only 29 "rank and file," here was B troop ordered to bivouac at the Niobrara crossing, and despite the fact that all the country was alive with war parties of the Sioux to wait there for further orders.

"Only 29 men all told and a small boy," said Sergeant Dawson, who was forever trying to plague that little trumpeter. It was by no means fair to Fred Waller, either, for while he was somewhat undersized for his 15 years his carbine and his Colt's revolver were just as big and just as effective as those of any man in the troop, and he knew how to use them, no matter how hard the Springfield kicked. He rode one of the tallest horses, too, and sat him well and firmly, notwithstanding all his furious plunging and "buckings" the day that Dawson slipped the thorny sprig of a wild rosebush under the saddle blanket.

From the first sergeant down to the newest recruit all the men had grown fond of little Fred in that year of rough scouting and campaigning around old Red Cloud's reservation—all of them, that is to say, with the possible exception of Dawson, who annoyed him in many ways when the officers or first sergeant did not happen to be near, and who sometimes spoke sneeringly of him to such of the troopers as would listen, but these were very few in number.

Fred was the only son of brave old Sergeant Waller, who had served with the regiment all over the plains before the great war of the rebellion, and who had been its standard bearer in many a sharp fight and stirring charge in Virginia. Now he carried two bullet wounds and on his bronzed cheek a long white seam, a saber scar, as mementos of Beverly Ford, Winchester and Five Forks, and through the efforts of his war commanders a comfortable berth as ordnance sergeant had been secured for him at one of the big frontier posts along the railway. Fred was the pride of the old soldier's heart, and nothing would do but that he, too, must be a trooper. The boy was born far out across the plains in sight of the Chihuahua mountains, had followed the regiment in his mother's arms up the valley of the Rio Grande to the Albuquerque, then eastward along the Indian haunted Smoky Hill route to Leavenworth. When the great war burst upon the nation, little Fred was just beginning to toddle about the whitewashed walls of the laundresses' quarters—his father was Corporal Waller then—and his baby eyes were big as saucers when he was carried aboard of a big steamship and paddled down the muddy Missouri and around by Cairo and up the winding Ohio to Cincinnati. He was even more astonished at the railway cars that bore the soldiers and a few women and children eastward and finally landed them at Carlisle. There at the old cavalry barracks the little fellow grew to lusty boyhood while his father was bearing the blue and gold standard through battle after battle on the Virginia soil. And when the war was over and the regiment was hurried out to the plains, and again to protect the settlers, the emigrants and the railway builders from the ceaseless assaults of the painted Indians, little Fred went along, and his soldier education was fairly begun.

Old Waller was now first sergeant of B troop. The regimental commander and most of the officers were greatly interested in the laughing, sun tanned, blue eyed boy, who rode day after day on his wiry Indian pony along the flanks of the column, scorning, though barely 7 years old, to stay in the wagons with the women and children. Everybody had a jolly word of greeting for Fred, and kind hearted Captain Blaine set his company tailor to work, and presently there were made for the boy a natty little cavalry jacket and a tiny pair of yellow chevrons. Corporal Fred they called him then, and, though he strove hard not to show it, grim old Sergeant Waller was evidently as proud and pleased as the child. He taught the little man to "stand attention" and bring up his chubby brown hand in salute whenever an officer passed by, and most scrupulously was that salute returned. He early placed the boy under the instruction of the veteran chief trumpeter and made him practice with the musicians as soon as he was "big enough to blow," as he expressed it. And then, too, for there were no army schools or schoolmasters in those days, regularly as the day came round and the sergeant's morning duties were done he had his boy at his knee, book or slate in hand, patiently teaching him the little that he knew himself and wistfully looking for some better instructor.

CHAPTER II.

THE OATH OF ENLISTMENT.

It was while stationed at old Fort Sanders that Waller's enthusiastic devotion to his new captain's family began. The former troop commander was ordered to the retired list, broken down by wounds, and the senior lieutenant stepped into his place. Waller bade farewell to his old captain with tear dimmed eyes—they had served together for over 15 years—and with much inward misgiving, but not the faintest outward show thereof, saluted the new arrival, a young officer, but a soldier through and through. It was not a week before the sergeant had fully satisfied himself as to that. Presently the new captain's family reached the fort and took up their abode—a fair haired, blue eyed young mother with two children, a boy and a girl, the eldest being three years younger than Fred—and then began another and strong interest.

That very winter scarlet fever devastated the fort. Few children escaped the scourge. There were a dozen little graves in the cemetery out on the prairie when the long winter came to an end. There were two or three larger graves, and one of these held all that was mortal of Fred's loving mother. He and his stern, sad faced father were now alone in the world.

And Captain Charlton's little household had not been spared. It was among the officers' quarters that the pestilence had first appeared. Frank and Florence Charlton were among the children earliest stricken. The servants fled the house, as frontier servants will, and their place was promptly supplied by Mrs. Waller. She and her husband would listen to no remonstrance, and Mrs. Charlton, overwhelmed with care and dread, was only too glad to have the strong, cheery army woman's help. Over the little brown cottage the shadow of death hovered for days before it was lifted and borne away, and when at last all danger was over and all was again hope and peace the sergeant's wife went back to her own humble roof across the parade and there suddenly sickened and died. When the scourge was finally swept from the garrison and the soft winds began to blow from the south, the stricken old soldier was glad of the chance to go with his troop into the field service and was almost happy in one thing—Mrs. Charlton had taken his boy as one of her own, and each day she was teaching him faithfully and well. When the troop rode away from Sanders, Fred was left behind to occupy a little room under the captain's roof. "Remember, sir, you are sergeant of the guard, and that house and that household are your special charge for all summer long," were Waller's parting words to his boy.

Regularly as the mail reached the troop during its summer scouting Captain Charlton's home missives had their

Fred and his stern, sad faced father were now alone in the world.

messages for Sergeant Waller, and soon, to his unspeakable joy, letters all his own, addressed in a round, boyish hand that grew firmer every week, began to come as his share of the welcome package. Never would he presume to ask for news, yet the captain was not slow to notice how old Waller was sure to be busy close at hand when the home letters came, and prompt to answer, and with soldierly salute to stand erect before his young commander and strive not to show the pride and delight that tingled in every vein at the glowing words in which Mrs. Charlton told of his boy's rapid progress and his devotion to her and the children. His lips would quiver uncontrollably and his eyes fill, his hand might tremble as it touched the brim of his scouting hat, but the salute was precise as ever.

"I thank the captain and beg to thank the captain's kind lady," was his invariable formula on such occasions. "I hope the boy will always do his duty."

And then he would face about and stride away with his head very high in the air and his eyes blinking hard, and almost immediately his voice would be heard sternly berating some trooper whose horse had tangled himself in his lariat, or whose "kit" was not stowed in proper shape about the saddle. It was his way of striving to hide the joy those messages brought him, and the men were quick to see through it all, and little Reddy Mulligan, reprimanded for the third time within a fortnight, started a laugh all through the bivouac by his whimsical protest:

"It's more good news ye've been getting from Fred, sergeant, dear, isn't it, now? Faith, I wish he'd play ye a thrick wanst in awhile, like other byes. Maybe thin I'd be mintioned to the captain for a corporalship." And for once the veteran turned his back on the laughing troop conscious of defeat.

In 1874 old Waller changed the yellow stripes and diamond of the first sergeantcy for the crimson and the star of the ordnance, and the troopers, one and all, said goodby to him with infinite regret. Perhaps Dawson, who was next in rank, may be excepted. He confidently expected to be promoted to Waller's place; but, though a dashing soldier and a smart noncommissioned officer, he was not the stanch, reliable man the captain needed and proved it by celebrating Waller's promotion in a very boisterous and unseemly manner. It was plain that he had been drinking heavily, and though Captain Charlton saved him from arrest and court martial he would not promote him and plainly, though privately, told him why. The troop knew it was for this reason, but Dawson swore it was all on account of Waller's influence against him when Sergeant Graham was named in regimental orders as the old veteran's successor.

That same summer, with firm hand and glistening eyes, Waller signed his consent to the enlistment of his son as trumpeter in the old troop. How he watched the boy's glowing face as the oath of enlistment, so often lightly spoken, was solemnly repeated, and Fred was bound to the service of his country! How he trembled from head to foot when, but a few weeks afterward and in the dead of night, Charlton and his men hurried forth to intercept a band of Indians who had swooped down upon the herders south of Laramie peak! Waller could hardly buckle the cantle straps of Fred's saddle as the little fellow, all eagerness, was bustling about his horse in the dim light of the stable lanterns. Yet when the captain and Lieutenant Rayburn came trotting briskly down the roadway, and the men were silently "leading into line," it was the old sergeant's hand that grasped the boy's left foot and swung him lightly into his seat.

"Whatever happens, sir, mind you keep close to the captain," was his parting injunction to his boy. Then his heels came together with the old cavalry click, and his twitching fingers were stiffened as they went suddenly up in salute to Mr. Rayburn, who bent down from his saddle to say that they would try to take good care of Fred. But Waller answered:

"I thank the lieutenant. The boy is a soldier now, sir. He must take his chances with the rest." Then with one lingering clasp of the trumpeter's hand, "Join your captain," he ordered and turned away into the darkness.

But the sentry on No. 6 bore witness to the fact that the ordnance sergeant never went to bed again all that night, and the men sent to unload and store the ammunition that came next day from Rock Island arsenal declared that old Waller was gruffer than ever. All the next night, too, he was awake, waiting, watching for tidings from the north. Nothing came until sunset of the second day, just as the whole command was turning out for retreat parade, and then Corporal Rock rode in with dispatches and trotted straight to where the commanding officer was standing in front of the adjutant's office. All eyes were upon him as he threw himself from the saddle and handed the packet to the colonel. Half a dozen officers hastened to join their commander as he tore it open. The piazzas of the officers' quarters were quickly alive with ladies and children, breathlessly eager to hear the news. The colonel's orderly was seen hastening to the surgeon's house—that looked ominous—then Rock remounted, trotted to Captain Charlton's gate, where Mrs. Charlton was tremblingly awaiting him. "It's all right, ma'am," he hastened to say. "Leastwise the captain's safe, but Mulligan is shot—and Ryan and Sergeant Frazer." She hurried in the house with the precious letter he placed in her hands, and while several ladies hastened to join her the messenger returned to the office.

All this while Sergeant Waller had stood like a statue under the tall white flagstaff where the noncommissioned staff assembled at retreat, watching every move with dry, aching eyes and a face gray as his mustache.

CHAPTER III.

A ROBBER IN CAMP.

The trumpet played the retreat, the sunset gun thundered its good night to the god of day, the adjutant hurried over and received the reports of the companies, the staff and band, and then a messenger came running to them: "Mrs. Charlton wants you, Sergeant Waller. Fred's all safe, but they had a sharp fight."

The old man could not trust himself to speak. "Listen to this, sergeant," exclaimed Mrs. Charlton as she hurried through the little group of ladies at her doorway and looked up in his face with tear dimmed eyes:

"Tell Waller that in a running fight of four miles Fred rode close at my heels and no man could have shown more spirit or less fear. I am sure it was a shot from his carbine that tumbled one war pony into the Laramie, and every call he had to sound rang out clear as a bell. I'm proud of the boy."

Waller's face was twitching and working. He cleared his throat and tried to speak. He dashed his hand across his eyes and ground his heels into the gravel of the walk. He heard the kind and gentle voices of the ladies joining in the chorus of congratulation, but he could not see their faces. A mist had risen before his eyes. Even the old formula, "I thank the captain's lady," had deserted him. He mumbled some inarticulate words and then, in dread of disastrous break down, turned suddenly away and strode across the drive. More than one woman was in tears. There was not a ripple of faintest laughter when it was seen that in his blindness the old sergeant had collided with the tree box at the edge of the acequia. Straight to his humble quarters he went, out they were beautiful to him, radiant with the light of joy, pride, gratitude and love that beamed and burned in his honest heart.

And now, a year later, all the cavalry was in the field. Gold had tempted explorers and miners innumerable to the Black Hills of Dakota—Indian land by solemn treaty. The government warned the invaders back, but to no purpose. The Indians swarmed from the agencies and massacred all whom they could overpower. Charlton's troop had early been hurried up to Red Cloud, and now with others was engaged in the perilous work of patrolling the trails around the Indian haunts.

Two months of hard and most exciting work had they had, and still the troubles were not over, and then, just after the paymaster with his iron safe and bristling escort had paid the outlying posts a visit, and Captain Charlton had been ordered in with him to attend a court martial at Fort Laramie, there came a week that no man in B troop ever forgot.

Mr. Rayburn had been wounded and was in the hospital at Fort Robinson.

"Trumpeter Waller's gone, sir—deserted."

Twenty of the men were away on escort duty, and so it happened that only young Lieutenant Blunt and about 30 troopers were left at the camp, just west of the agency. Fearful that the money, "burning" as it always does in the soldiers' pockets, would tempt his men to gamble or drink and get into mischief around the crowded post, Charlton had ordered that the troop should march at once to the Niobrara and wait there for his return. It was known, of course, that many Indian bands were out, and it promised to be adventurous. It was Mr. Blunt's first independent command, too, and he felt a trifle nervous. All went well, however, until the morning of the second day, when Sergeant Graham excitedly called his young commander, his face clouded with dismay.

"Lieutenant," he cried, "Sergeant Dawson and several men were robbed last night. The money's clean gone."

Blunt was out of his blanket in an instant. "How much is missing?" he asked.

"I can't tell yet, sir—a good deal. But that is not the worst of it."

"What on earth could be worse?"

"Trumpeter Waller's gone, sir—deserted—taken his horse, arms and everything."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chinese Conservatism.

Many tales have been told of the unwillingness of the Chinese to see the advantages of the introduction of the telegraph into China. A telegraph journal now adds to the number by the recital of an incident connected with the first cable along the coast from Peking to Shanghai. Soon after the cable was laid a lottery drawing came off in Peking, in which many of the residents of Shanghai held tickets. One of the gamblers so far overcame his distrust of the cable as to have the winning numbers sent him, and he bought the tickets bearing them from his more skeptical townsmen, realizing a small fortune on the transaction. Not long after there was a scanty crop of rice in the upper provinces, and a Shanghai merchant telegraphed to Peking instructions to buy heavily. The ultimate result was that he sold out at an immense profit and retired on an independency. By degrees it began to dawn on the Chinese that it was just as well not to tear down telegraph wires, as the telegraph was a fairly good thing to have around.

A Peculiar Optical Illusion.

A correspondent of a photographic journal, in speaking of the special interest that attaches to the Roentgen rays among photographers, who often are not in a position to invest in elaborate and expensive sets of apparatus, says it is not generally known that by means of a very simple optical illusion an almost perfect imitation of the wonders of radiography can be shown without the trouble and expense of induction coils, tubes or fluorescent screens. All that is necessary is to take a small feather from a pheasant or turkey and holding it close to the eye look through the radiating ribs at the end of the feather at the fingers of the hand held up toward the sky or against the window. The flesh of the fingers will then appear to be transparent, with the opaque bone running down in the center, as shown by the true radiograph. If it is desired to exhibit the phenomenon by gaslight, a piece of ground glass must be held in front of the flame to diffuse the light.

More Lives Than a Cat.

This is an inscription on a marble slab over a grave at Green Bay:

"Dieu sur tout. Here lyes the Body of Lewis Galdy Esq. who departed this life at Port Royal the 22nd December 1739 aged 80. He was born at Montpelier in France but left that country for his Religion and came here to settle in this Island where he was swallowed up in the Great Earthquake in the year 1692 and by the Providence of God was by another shock thrown into the Sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a Boat took him up. He lived many years after in great Reputation Beloved by all who knew him and much Lamented at his death."—Notes and Queries.

Trouble Enough.

"Well, prisoner," said the judge, "if you have anything to say, the court will hear you."

"I'd rather be excused, your honor," replied the prisoner. "If I said what I'd like to say, I'd be committed for contempt of court, and I've got trouble enough without that."—Harper's Ba---

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27 North Clark Street, Room 14.
Residence 225 Osgood Street.
TELEPHONE NORTH 53.

JOHN A. MAHONEY,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
and Attorney and Counselor at Law,
SUITE 616, 618 & 620 REAPER BLOCK
N. E. Cor. Washington & Clark Sts.
TELEPHONE MAIN 4224. CHICAGO.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

P. B. FLANAGAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SUITE 1315-17 ASHLAND BLOCK,
COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.
Telephone Main 2768. CHICAGO.

JOHN MOFFITT,
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WILLIAM A. CUNNEA,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,
59 DEARBORN-ST., SUITE 311,
(Real Estate Board Building).
CHICAGO.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 16. CHICAGO.
TELEPHONE MAIN [illegible]

JOHN P. McGOORTY
Counselor-at-Law,
616, 618 and 620 REAPER BLOCK,
N. E. Cor. [illegible] Clark sts.
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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. William H. Crane.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Whirl of the Town."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Way Down East."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.

Alluding to the Dublin meeting (referred to in a former article) in which the Afridis were lustily cheered, an English Unionist paper holds forth as follows: "We have no intention of scolding the men in the meeting for their opinions, though we think that, as savagery and civilization are for a moment at death-grips in the Himalayas, those opinions are almost monstrous." We freely concede that Mahommedan civilization is not a desirable condition, but as this Englishman refers to British civilization in contrast to Indian savagery, a few glances at British savagery in that country will be instructive. In his great speech on the impeachment of that model English robber, Warren Hastings, Edmund Burke said: "The first act of his government in Bengal was the most bold and extraordinary that I believe ever entered into the heart of any man—I will say tyrant. It was no more nor less than, almost exceptless confiscation of all the land in Bengal upon the most extraordinary pretenses." Thus we see that the first act in the civilization of India was the wholesale robbery of a country containing 151,543 square miles of the richest soil on earth; sustaining a population of about 50,000,000 souls; then having reduced the owners to beggary the civilizer in chief, Hastings, rented their own land to them at the most exorbitant rents. We are well acquainted with this kind of civilization, Ireland having been confiscated six or seven times, and the owners of the soil driven to beggary, exile and death without mercy. Burke continued:

"From the collected morsels, plucked from the famished mouths of hundreds of decayed, indigent and starving nobility, he gorged his ravenous maw with £200 ($1,000) per day. He never dines with comfort, but where he is sure to create a famine. He never robs from the loose superfluity of greatness; he devours the fallen, the indigent and the necessitous. His extortion is not like the generous rapacity of the princely eagle, who snatches away the living struggling prey; he is a vulture, who feeds upon the prostrate, the dying and the dead. As his cruelty is more shocking than his corruption, so his hypocrisy has something more frightful than his cruelty; for while his bloody and rapacious hand signs proscriptions and sweeps away the food of the widow and the orphan, his eyes overflow with tears, and he converts the healing balm that bleeds from wounded humanity into a rancorous poison for the race of man. I charge Hastings with taking bribes from Gunga Sing. I charge him with not having done the bribe-service which fidelity even in iniquity requires at the hands of the worst of men. I charge him with having robbed the people from whom he took the bribes. I charge him with having fraudulently alienated the fortunes of widows. I charge him with having without right, title or purchase taken the lands of orphans and given them to wicked people under him. I charge him with having committed to Debi Sing (one of his hirelings) three great provinces, and thereby with having wasted the country, ruined the landed interest, cruelly harassed the peasants, burnt their houses, seized their crops, tortured and degraded their persons and destroyed the honor of the whole female race of the country. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him in the name of, and by virtue of, those eternal laws of justice which he has violated. I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank and situation of life."

And every one of those horrible charges was sustained by the most overwhelming proof. A hundred years have passed away since the peerless Irish orators, Burke and Sheridan and their distinguished associate Charles James Fox, impeached this incarnate fiend before the British house of lords, and yet every year since then has been marked by continued robbery, spoliation, murder and famine throughout unhappy India. As Burke said, "India beautiful as night, but night with all its stars." Hundreds of colossal fortunes have been wrung from her starving people by the sensual besotted English nobles, and their brutal underlings. The lazy, debauched, worthless sons of these nobles were sent to India to gratify their beastly appetites and to enrich themselves on the plunder of her palaces and temples. They destroyed hundreds of square miles of mulberry trees on which silk worms fed, and on whose product large populations existed, for the more devilish purpose of starving the people to death. The great Kohinoor, the richest diamond in the world, was stolen from the Begum of Oude by English thieves, and Victoria, the "model queen," now shamelessly wears it in her crown. In America such criminals would be condemned to the penitentiary; in England the thieves are honored and titled, and the receiver of stolen property (always the worst criminal) is on the throne.

Every crime, every villainy, every wickedness known to the Anglo-Saxon nature (the most vile and corrupt on earth) has been perpetrated in India, and the product of all those hideous infamies is English civilization. "Oh, civilization, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" Centuries before Hellenus laid the foundation of Athens; centuries before Romulus built his breastworks on the Capitoline hill; centuries before the most venerable of the pyramids reared its enormous bulk amid the desert sands; centuries before

"The savage tribes of Britain round
the shrines of Zernebock"

began to practice their heathenish superstitions (naked in the woods), Indian civilization existed, and from it has sprung all modern civilization. The most delicate and beautiful fabrics that ever adorned the person of beauty, were the products of the Indian looms. Long before Cæsar trampled prostrate Britain beneath his conquering eagles, the proudest dames of Imperial Rome wore what was called, because of its marvelous delicacy, "the woven Indian wind." The sacred Ganges, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorn, was studded with magnificent bazaars in which all the arts of civilized life were exhibited, just as they are in our world's fairs of today. They survived the ravages of all the conquerors who desolated the land, but they have perished from the face of the earth under the upas tree of British civilization. May God help any wretched people who come beneath its destroying blight! Commenting with slavish adulation on the article from which we have been quoting, the Waterford Citizen yelps out: "There is an Ireland, a reasoning Ireland, outside them, and a large Ireland, too, who do not share either their ways or their sentiments."

The men referred to are the brave men in Dublin who defied the enemy, and cheered the enemy's enemy, the gallant Afridis. We know something about Ireland and her people, and we deny that there is any Ireland large or small "outside them." There is a small rabid faction of time-serving West Britons known as "the English garrison," composed mainly of Orangemen and West Britons, a noisome, noisy little brood, who have not a spark of sympathy with the land which has had the involuntary misfortune to produce them. While they constantly prate about their loyalty to the Guelphs, just as they would about the Stuarts or the devil (the latter personage is the power behind the throne at present) if they were the ruling powers, they are too careful of their precious carcasses to expose them to the danger of being "sniped" by the Afridis. They are the unclean breed which gives to the enemy the traitors, "the stags," and the informers

Whose treason like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might.

They are hated by their victims, despised by their English masters, and scorned by the good and true throughout the world. If, as tradition says, St. Patrick drove the snakes from Ireland, he would have served us better by sparing them, and exterminating the ancestors of these noxious reptiles if they then lived in Ireland. But their day is coming. "When Ireland takes her place among the nations of the earth," as she will some day just as sure as God is just, there will be another expulsion of vermin, and then the West British vipers will get an unlimited leave of absence as the Tories did in America.

"That glorious noon, God send it soon,
Hurrah for human freedom!"

MANCHESTER MARTYRS' DEMONSTRATION.

Chicago will give Miss Maud Gonne and Mr. James F. Egan a reception worthy of their cause, and of the city, at Central Music hall, on the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 23. It will be the 30th mortuary anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs, those brave Irishmen who sacrificed everything the world holds dear for their love of country, even to life itself. Miss Gonne is the editress of L'Irlande Libre, the newspaper printed in the French language and published for the benefit of the Irish cause in Paris. She has done more to make the French nation acquainted with the true inwardness of the Irish question than any other patriotic missionary since the days of Wolfe Tone. It is not too much to say that Miss Gonne has made the Irish question as familiar to the French as to the Americans. Mr. Egan spent long and bitter years in prison because of his devotion to the cause of Ireland, and, since his release, he has been the ardent apostle of the Amnesty Association in America. He will tell some experiences of British prison life that will make Americans marvel at the beauties of British "civilization" when Ireland and the Irish are concerned.

We are pleased to observe that the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, is to preside at the meeting. Miss Bessie O'Brien, the talented young vocalist, will sing, and there will be many other attractions on the programme, including the address of the Executive Committee, which will be read by Mr. Frank J. Ryan. Vocal numbers will also be rendered by Misses Evans and Gillan and Messrs. J. J. Phelan and W. E. Ryan. Valentine Vousden and Thomas Burke will recite.

PHILADELPHIA TO CELEBRATE '98.

The Irish Nationalists of Philadelphia represented by Nicholas Redmond, of the Irish-American club; Dennis Griffin of the Free Soil club; Patrick O'Neill, State President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; Alexander McKernan, State Secretary of the same; Michael Buckley, County Vice-President Ancient Order of Hibernians; Edward F. Blewitt, State Delegate Ancient Order of Hibernians, B. of E.; James Collins, County Delegate Ancient Order of Hibernians, B. of E.; Joseph B. McLaughlin, ex-State Delegate Ancient Order of Hibernians, B. of E.; William W. Tobin, Clan-na-Gael society; Daniel H. Comber, Clan-na-Gael Society; Martin P. Moroney, Irish Nationalists; Owen Kelly, Irish Nationalists; Augustus A. Boyle, I. C. B. U.; Charles J. Bigley, C. K. of A.; Major G. J. Gillespie, 69th Regt. P. V. battalion; William Buckley, the Limerick Guards Social, Benevolent and Patriotic Association; Patrick McFadden, the Philo-Celtic society; Edward P. Dempsey, the Sheares club; John O'Dea, the William Orr club; Hugh McCaffrey, Jackson branch, I. N. F.; John Sheahan, Tipperary Association, and J. Washington Logue have issued an address to all Irish-Americans resident in and around their city in reference to the coming celebration of the '98 centennial, in which they say that a convention will be held in the Industrial Art building, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 12, to consider how best they can do honor to the memory of the brave who died for Ireland nearly a century ago. Among other good and true sentiments contained in the address are the following:

"This is a celebration in which all Irishmen, irrespective of religious belief, can consistently participate. The United Irishmen were of no one denomination. The first clause in their constitution, read: 'This society is constituted for the purpose of forwarding a brotherhood of affection, a communion of right, and a union of power among Irishmen of every religious persuasion and thereby to obtain a complete reform in the legislature, founded on the principles of civil, political and religious liberty.' They, at the beginning, advocated the policy of peace, but they were forced to the consideration of sterner methods by the inhuman treatment of the English government. They were goaded into insurrection by outrages so vile and so barbarous at the hands of England's brutal soldiery as to be almost unparalleled in the world's history. These outrages became so unbearable, that, finally, on May 23, 1798, the standard of rebellion was unfurled, 'and Ireland,' says Mr. A. Sullivan, 'appealed to the Ultima Ratio of oppressed nations.'

"The spirit of those troublous days is now abroad in Ireland. The wave of indignation that has rolled down the century, increasing in force and in volume as the years sped on, and born of the monstrous atrocities perpetrated on the heroic men of '98, is now diffusing itself throughout the length and breadth of our beloved land. The tidings received almost daily indicate an awakened national enthusiasm that is well calculated to fill the minds and hearts of the scattered Gael with high hopes for the future success of that cause for which our ancestors so freely bled and so nobly died. The patriotic pulse of the people from Cork to Donegal and from Dublin to Galway, appears to be stirred today as it has not been for several years. There comes to us in America, from the Irishmen of Great Britain at least, a veritable bugle blast to sink all petty differences and to unite in one solid phalanx to commemorate the memory of the men who rose in dark and evil days to right their native land, and who kindled there a living blaze that nothing shall withstand'—the men, in a word, who died that their country might live.

"We are firm in the belief that this appeal, addressed particularly to associations composed of men of the Irish race in this city, will find such ready response in the hearts of our undaunted people, as will prompt every society to send a delegate to the proposed convention. We trust that no organization will consider itself too small or too poor to take part in this celebration; we are quite certain that none will claim it is too great, too rich or too powerful to assist in doing honor to the deathless memories of such heroic men."

THE TROUBLE IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

We confess ourselves unable to penetrate the mystery of the disbandment of a battalion of the 7th Regiment, I. N. G., by order of the State authorities, for what appears to us very trifling reasons. A representative of this paper has sought to obtain an interview with Col. Kavanaugh, commanding the regiment, but that officer has been kept busy in court, and no expression of opinion or information could be obtained from him. A morning paper report states that the colonel has been summoned to Springfield to confer with the governor, and that he would soon have "good news" for the regiment. The same authority reports Major Ennis as saying that the disbandment of the battalion is owing to the influence of bigotry, and that when the people of Chicago come to understand the facts, they "would not stand it."

It has been freely stated that the Adjutant-General of the State is prejudiced against the 7th Regiment, because it is composed of Irish-Americans, but when Gen. Reece was interviewed in this city recently on the subject, he absolutely denied the charge. Gov. Tanner's middle name is Riley, or O'Reilly, and he, certainly, cannot be charged with race feeling in the matter, whatever other motives may have influenced him.

It is notorious that the 7th Regiment has not obtained from either the State, or the public at large, the same liberal support that other militia regiments have obtained, and that both in the matter of uniform and equipment, the regiment has been illiberally treated. The same is true in regard to an armory. It has had no permanent home, and even now is housed under the roof of an abandoned panorama building.

Under these circumstances, the life of an officer or enlisted man of the 7th Regiment is not a pleasant one, and the great wonder is that the ranks remain as full as they are—the colonel, according to report, claiming over 800 men—a very strong regiment, according to the American idea. It seems to us that something liberal and practical should be done by the Irish-Americans of means in this city to make the regiment independent of State neglect or public indifference, and to establish it on a basis that would reflect credit on the element which it represents on the militia rolls.

A NOTABLE LITERARY EVENT.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will have an opportunity of enjoying a literary treat in the lecture to be delivered by that noted scholar and lecturer, Dr. Henry Austin Adams, at Central Music hall, next Monday evening. His subject will be "Cardinal Newman." This is the lecture delivered before the Summer school at Madison, Wis., last August, and which so deeply impressed the audience. Dr. Adams was educated at Oxford, England, and was rector of one of the prominent Episcopal churches at Brooklyn, N. Y. He is a convert to the Catholic faith and is thoroughly versed in the life, times and writings of Cardinal Newman. The press of the country speaks of him as an orator equalled by but few men in this country, and a man of most brilliant attainments. The hall should be crowded to hear this able man. The proceeds will be devoted to the maintenance of the Catholic reading circles of this city, the ladies of which have the lecture in charge.

THE IRISH FLAG.

[*To the Editor.*]

MONTREAL, CAN., Nov. 14.—It seems to me that there is a good deal of misunderstanding in some quarters as to the Green Flag of Ireland. Some people regard it as quite appropriate to display the Green Flag with the Union Jack, thus recognizing the latter. I, on the contrary, have been taught to look upon the Green Flag as the emblem of those who desire to see Ireland separated from Great Britain. If we who hope to see this accomplished have no distinctive Flag of our own, as the Cuban patriots have, the sooner we get one the better. Will you not kindly say in THE CITIZEN who is right in this matter, for I know that many beside myself would like to have the information from a reliable source.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

The national flag of Ireland, adopted by the United Irishmen and carried by them in fifty pitched battles in 1798, makes the Green flag with the uncrowned harp, the national standard of Ireland, and it is so recognized the world over. There is evidence that this flag was carried by Irish merchantmen about the middle of the 17th century, and there is a tradition that it floated from Dublin Castle beside the royal flag when James II. occupied that city before the battle of the Boyne. The Green flag with the crownless harp was carried by Meagher's Brigade of the Army of the Potomac during the American civil war.

THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates Col. Charles Page Bryan on his appointment as Minister to China. The Colonel is, in appearance and manner, a typical descendant of a long line of Irish kings, and will, undoubtedly, prove a great favorite at the court of the Celestials. We have great faith in the blood of Brian Boru.

JOHN F. FINERTY will address the Manchester Martyrs' anniversary meetings, to be held under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, at Montreal, Canada, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, and at Quebec on Thursday evening, Nov. 25.

BISHOP DOANE, of the Episcopalian diocese of Albany, N. Y., is much worried because the arbitration treaty with England failed to pass. In his annual address to his clergy, he lauds England and has a covert slap at Irish-Americans. This is to be expected. The Episcopal church in America is an English institution and regards Victoria as its She-Pope. If that church were sufficiently strong numerically, the United States would be a British province.

POOR, lumbering old Salisbury will not be comforted because Tammany (which means "the Irish") won in Greater New York. He laments "the bad government" of that city. Salisbury is "another." New York is the cleanest, brightest, "biggest" and also the best governed city in the world. London isn't a patch on it—except when it takes in "the outer ring" to give it a fictitious majority. Chicago is New York's only rival.

CATHOLIC CHARITY BALL.

Charity balls have been given for many years, but it remained for the management of the Catholic Charity Ball of this year to arrange for some novelty for the affair. The cotillion will be danced, led by Eugene Bournique, and that, it is believed, will form a great attraction for both young and old. From midnight until 1:30 o'clock, the Auditorium floor will be thronged with people waving bright scarfs, tambourines, ribbons and flowers to the music of Forest's Seventh Regiment Band of seventy pieces.

The four thousand invitations for the ball, which is to be given on Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, are now all out, and the members of the various committees believe their work almost accomplished and that the chief labor is now to fall upon the committees of the ball night itself.

Catholic charity balls have been socially important always, but this year the event will have twice the magnitude of any of the past. The figures of the cotillion mean greater receipts for the cause of charity. No single woman has done all of the work necessitated in preparations for the ball, but much has been done by Mrs. Daniel Corkery, who was last year the President of the Catholic Woman's National League, under the auspices of which the ball is to be given.

Both the reception and floor committees are entirely composed of gentlemen. The reception committee is as follows:

Messrs. Thomas Brenan, chairman; Wm. H. Alsip, S. T. Alexander, Edward Baggot, John F. Barrett, P. T. Barry, M. Benner, D. F. Bremner, John Brennock, August Brosseau, Z. P. Brosseau, Wm. Buckley, D. F. Burke, J. L. Burke, John P. Byrne, Charles P. Caldwell, T. H. Cannon, A. B. Carroll, John C. Carroll, John M. Carroll, Richard Clifford, Louis Clark, John S. Cooke, M. J. Corboy, John Cudahy, Michael Cudahy, Andrew Cummings, John Dadie, A. G. Dayton, Martin DeTamble, T. W. Deveney, J. W. Diggles, T. L. Dillon, Wm. Dillon, Joseph Downey, Austin J. Doyle, George Duddleston, Edward F. Dunne, James E. Eagle, Wm. J. English, John F. Finerty, Albert Flannagan, M. D. Flavin, William Fogarty, W. C. Foley, Peter Fortune, Gabriel Franchere, James Furlong, Thomas Gahan, Daniel J. Gallery, James Goggin, Andrew J. Graham, A. W. Green, John J. Hayes, David Hayes, J. T. Healey, P. J. Healey, P. H. Heffron, P. J. Hennessy, Henry L. Hertz, Washington Hesing, John P. Hopkins, T. D. Hurley, J. S. Hyland, W. J. Hynes, Thomas F. Judge, J. E. Keefe, Michael W. Kerwin, Joseph Kipley, M. J. LaBounte, F. R. Lamb, B. A. E. Landergren, J. J. Larkin, Wm. Legner, Wm. F. Mahoney, Chas. A. Mair, Wm. McCoy, J. W. McDonald, P. McHugh, John McMahon, W. M. McRae, T. F. Mullaney, W. F. Merle, Dr. J. B. Murphy, Wm. P. Nelson, Chas. Noll, Wm. V. O'Brien, P. P. O'Donnell, Dr. Austin O'Malley, C. S. O'Meara, P. J. O'Keefe, Charles A. Plomondon, Richard Prendergast, Wm. P. Rend, P. H. Rice, John C. Robinson, John C. Schubert, Thomas W. Sennott, P. J. Sexton, Michael Shields, John M. Smyth, Jeremiah Sullivan, T. J. Sullivan, Roger Sullivan, John W. Sweeney, J. E. Thorndike, Geo. P. Vosbrink, Thomas J. Waters, Richard J. Walsh, Charles Winslow, Frank W. Young.

The members of the floor committee are Mr. William F. Carroll, Chairman; Messrs. Walter W. Alexander, D. W. Baker, J. P. Barrett, D. F. Bremner, Jr., James E. Burke, Charles E. Carroll, T. H. Clifford, John F. Clare, Dr. P. H. Conley, Henry Clark, John Cooke, Jr., Joseph Cremins, Jr., Frank Crowe, Frank S. Cummings, J. E. Dalton, W. F. Dononoe, Walter Dore, Austin J. Doyle, Jr., William A. Doyle, Joseph Duffy, H. R. Eagle, Walter J. Eagle, James P. Enright, Frank J. Flood, W. J. Fortune, John Fraher, Daniel J. Gallery, Jr., John W. Garvey, D. C. Graham, Stephen Griffin, Edward Guerin, John W. Hanlon, Arnold Heap, John B. Heeney, Charles Hickey, Capt. J. S. Hyland, Paul W. Jackson, H. F. Jaeger, Thomas S. Kelrnan, Eugene Keeley, Thomas F. Keeley, Joseph I. Kelly, John W. Keogh, Jacob J. Kern, J. C. King, J. E. Kinsella, Harry J. Kipley, W. A. Lydon, William Lyman, P. T. McArdle, James P. McShane, Dr. M. G. Meehan, Frank A. Moody, Thomas W. Moran, Ira Morris, James W. Munhall, John E. Murphy, Joseph G. Murphy, Dr. Edward J. Murray, Bernard Neill, Frank Nelson, Nicholas Nelson, Robert C. Newton, Joseph M. O'Brien, Theodore W. O'Connell, John O'Donnell, Hugh O'Neill, Alfred E. Plamondon, W. H. Powell, Thomas Prindiville, William H. Rehm, W. U. Riley, Thos. E. Rooney, Frank Sauter, Louis Sauter, William Stenson, James J. Swenie, James Sweeney, John J. Swenie, William Sullivan, Thomas P. Wade, Mortimer Waters, Eugene Whelan.

The committee on arrangements hold meetings twice each week, when all of the work for the ball is reported and discussed.

OBITUARY.

MISS JOSIE DWYER.

Josie Dwyer died at her mother's home, 549 Warren avenue, Nov. 4, after an illness of but a few days. Her unexpected and premature death at the age of 23 years has brought heartfelt sorrow to the mother who loved her and to all the dear friends who knew her sterling worth and admired her fine virtues of mind and heart. The funeral services were held at St. Malachy's church, where the Rev. Father Hodnett offered up high mass for the repose of her soul. The reverend pastor also preached a very impressive and eloquent funeral sermon, in which he extolled the Christian graces and virtues that had ennobled the deceased during her too brief earthly life; while at the same time the good priest offered earnest words of consolation to the suffering mother, bowed down under her burden of seemingly never-ending woe—death having taken the husband and father of the family less than one year before. Josie Dwyer, from her earliest years of understanding, was blessed with a beautiful and unquestioning faith, which is but seldom found outside the sacred precincts of a convent. Her precious faith was so calm, real and sublime that it pierced the night like stars to rest in heaven near the God who gave it. The miserable and vain aims that end in self were never hers; she was always ready to sacrifice her own happiness for that of the mother and home she loved so well. Her love and affection for friends was blended with a natural dignity and refinement so free from vanity that her manner was truly charming in its simplicity. Like the glow of a beautiful autumn sunset, her sweet presence diffused an indefinable feeling of pleasure and contentment to those around her in the home or elsewhere. Her lovable and pleasing personality is lost forever to mortal eyes, but her soul lives on in the light of God's eternal day, where now in angel form her pure spirit will watch and guard the loved ones left behind. If souls too bright for earth and hearts too pure for taint are called by God to augment His heavenly choir, Josie is there, for in the midst of trials and well-performed duties she knew by faith that beyond the tomb and clouds there was a place of rest for her soul where sweet peace sits crowned with eternal smiles. There the angels welcomed her gentle spirit to its heavenly home, where alone virtue's deeds are fully rewarded by the endless happiness, inexpressible joy, and constant ecstasy of God's perpetual presence. Though her body becomes dust, her sweet memory, like the fragrance of the roses, "that are faded and gone," shall remain during life in the hearts of those who loved her.

"Bright be the place of thy soul;
No lovelier spirit than thine
Ever burst from its mortal control
In the orbs of the blessed to shine."

T. H. D.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular monthly meeting of the Lyceum will be held in America hall, 77 Thirty-first street, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, commencing at 8:15 sharp. Regular meeting night falling on Thanksgiving, it was deemed wise not to hold the meeting on that date. Members and their friends will please note change.

The following will be the subject of debate: "Resolved, That the use of the Writ of Injunction as a means of settling labor troubles is inconsistent with the spirit of our institutions." The usual musical programme will be given. The annual election of officers will take place. Further particulars in next week's issue of this paper.

For all information as to membership in Lyceum, also free tickets to meetings, apply to the Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn avenue.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address.

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The Century Magazine.

The Century Magazine, with its November number, enters upon its twenty-seventh year. During its long existence, by reason of its many notable successes, it has won an assured and commanding position. During the coming year the Century will maintain its exceptional position as a magazine of entertainment and as a leader in art and thought.

Its pictorial features will be notable, and it will command the services of the foremost artists, illustrators and engravers of this country and of Europe. Nothing like a complete announcement of its literary features can be attempted now. Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose novel of the American Revolution, "Hugh Wynne," is the great success of the year, has written a new story for the present volume. It bears the piquant title, "The adventures of Francois: Foundling, Adventurer, Juggler and Fencing-Master during the French Revolution." The tale is full of romance and adventure. Mrs. Burton Harrison contributes a new novel of New York life, called "Good Americans," in which contemporaneous social types and tendencies are brightly mirrored and described.

There will be a group of clever stories about horses and people who like horses, under the general title of "Gallops." "A Woman's Reminiscences of the French Intervention in Mexico" will be given in a series of graphic and highly picturesque papers by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson. Further contributions to the interesting series of "Heroes of Peace" will be made by Jacob A. Riis, Gustav Kobbe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and others.

For the benefit of the readers of the Century an unusual combination offer is made for this year. There has been issued "The Century Gallery of One Hundred Portraits," made up of the finest engravings that have appeared in the magazine, and representing a total expenditure of nearly $30,000. These are printed on heavy plate paper, with wide margins, like proofs. The retail price of the gallery is $7.50, but this year it will be sold only in connection with a subscription to the Century, the price of the two together being $6.50.

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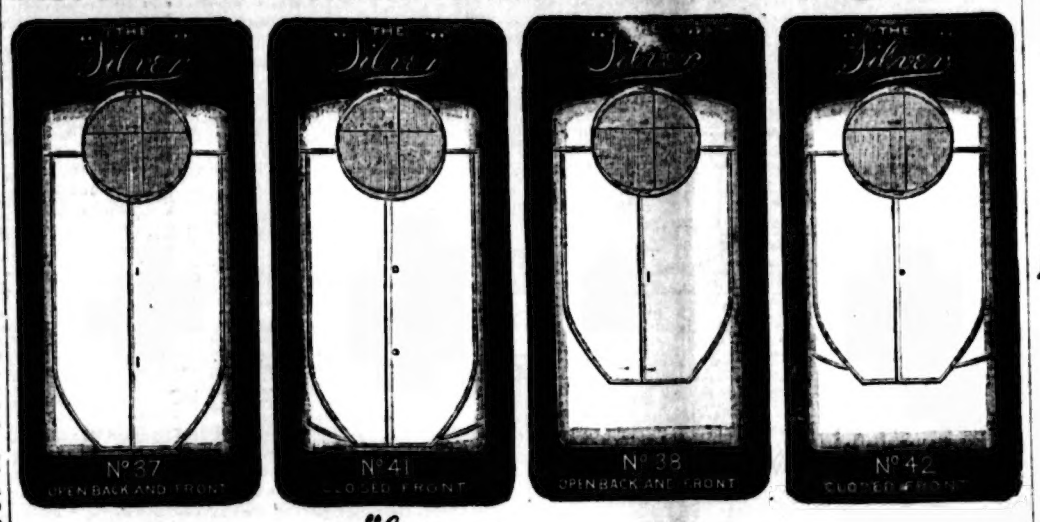

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General Kearney, Clear Havana Filler, Imported Sumatra Wrapper, box of 50	$1.50
Cuban Perfectos, Hand Made, Long Spanish Filler, box of 50	$1.00
Gems of Columbia, Fine Long Filler and Havana Seed Wrapper, box of 50	75 cents
Plug Tobacco, per lb	16 cents
Good Smoking, per lb	15 cents
Star Plug, per lb	37 cents
Climax Plug, per lb	33 cents
Battle Ax Plug, per lb	19 cents

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St. Nicholas Magazine.

St. Nicholas, conducted by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, enters upon the twenty-fifth year of its successful career as the leading magazine for boys and girls with its November issue. A remarkably varied and attractive list of features has been secured for the coming year, including contributions by several of the foremost writers of the day.

Rudyard Kipling's first "Jungle Stories" were written for St. Nicholas, and this year he will contribute a new series of stories to the magazine, called "The Just-So Stories," written in a new vein—fantastic stories. Some stories Mr. Kipling says, are meant to be read quietly, and some are meant to be told aloud. Some are for rainy mornings and some for long, hot afternoons, and some are for bedtime. The stories of Mr. Kipling are meant to be told "just-so," and one must not alter one single little word. They are stories about animals, queer, very queer animals.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton will contribute "The Buccaneers of Our Coast." This is a series of narrative sketches in which will be treated the origin, characteristics, adventures and exploits of that wild body of sea-rovers, calling themselves "The Brethren of the Coast," who during the greater part of the seventeenth century ravaged and almost ruled the waters and shores of the West Indies.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge has written a serial, "Two Biddicut Boys, and Their Adventures With a Wonderful Trick Dog." This is marked by his best qualities and is full of effective interest. A lively story of track and field is "The Lakerim Athletic Club," by Rupert Hughes, which will tell of a year of sports carried out by a party of "real boys." Mr. W. O. Stoddard writes a stirring romance of chivalry, "With the Black Prince," telling of the fortunes and adventures of an English lad who fights at the battle of Crecy. A fairy-tale of science, "Through the Earth," by Clement Fezandie, is a serial of the Jules Verne order. It tells of the daring conception of a scientist of the next century, who by the enormously increased power of electricity succeeds in boring a hole through the earth and sending a boy in a cigar-shaped car through the tunnel.

There will be the usual number of articles of instruction and entertainment, short stories, poems and jingles, as well as hundreds of pictures by leading artists. The price of St. Nicholas is 25 cents a copy, or $3 a year.

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OF THE

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ALLEN, LARKIN and O'BRIEN,

Will Be Celebrated Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Ghicago at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 23, 1897.

HON. CARTER H. HARRISON Will Preside.

FRANK J. RYAN WILL READ THE ADDRESS AND RESOLUTIONS.

MISS MAUD GONNE, The Irish "Joan of Arc," Will Deliver an Address.

JAMES F. EGAN, Representing the Amnesty Association of Ireland, Will also Address the Meeting.

MISS BESSIE O'BRIEN, Graduate from Madame Marchesi's School of Vocal Music, Paris, Will Sing.

Also MISS EDYTH EVANS, MISS GILLEN, MR. JOHN J. PHELAN and MR. WILLIAM F. RYAN. Recitations will be delivered by the HON. VALENTINE VOUSDEN and MR. THOMAS BURKE.

Reserved Seats can be secured ONLY at the Box Office on Nov. 20, 22 and 23. Scale of Prices: Entire Lower Floor, $1.00; First Balcony, 75c; Second Balcony, 50c. Boxes: Lower Floor, $10.00; First Balcony, $7.00.

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EXAMPLES OF THEIR CURIOUS VIEWS OF LIFE AND DEATH.

How Young Minds Take Hold on Great Mysteries—Some Afraid to Die, Others Without Such Fear—The Life That Would Please and the Death They Would Choose.

The Rivista Italiana di Filosofia contains an article by Dr. Marpillero on children's ideas of life and death, describing how he questioned a number of young children on these subjects at an elementary school at Rovigo and the answers he received. We quote some of the most curious. In answering the question, "What is life?" the boys were much more bold than the girls. Many children, boys, defined life as "a spirit that runs away as soon as we die." A boy of 9 years philosophically observed, "Life is a sea of troubles, which one may cross well or with great unhappiness." A boy of 10 said, "Life is a thing which is never extinguished;" another, "Life is a good work to eat well;" another, "Life is an invisible thing, which vanishes when it likes and never returns." A little girl of 10 said, "Our life is a fluid." A small girl of poor condition, aged 8, said, "Life is paradise." A very general answer was, "Life is beautiful," or the opposite, "Life is ugly," and most of the children who thought life the last were of well to do families. To the question, "What is death?" many replied negatively, especially the girls. Very few, and these only boys, noted the phenomenon of death, and one gave as answer: "Death is a pure spirit. The blood dries up; one neither moves nor feels."

Another boy of 8 years gave an answer bordering on popular superstition, "Death is a thing that, when I die, pulls my feet." Another boy of 8 had a tinge of medical knowledge and replied, "Death is when one has more than 42 degrees of fever." Another said, "Death is a thing that one never sees again, never again." To the question, "Are you afraid of dying?" 21 children, all boys, gave no reply; 62, of whom 7 were girls, replied negatively; all the others—that is, a large majority—said, "Yes." A little girl of 10 of well to do parents gave the answer, "I am not at all afraid of dying because I am tired of living." All the orphans replied in the following sense, "I am not afraid of dying because I want to see my parents again." A little girl of 9 said, "I am not afraid of dying because it is a thing sent by God." A boy of 12 replied, "I am not afraid of dying because I am healthy and have no disease." Another, "I am not afraid because I am strong and healthy." A little girl of 11 said, "I fear death because it might come at night and pull my feet." Another little girl said, "I am afraid of death because it seems that it is my mother who is dead." A girl of 11, who had evidently been told some ghastly stories, replied, "I am afraid of death because it is so ugly, and one day Bernard went to bury a dead person, and it got hold of Bernard and gave him a kiss."

Another boy of 8 said, "I am afraid of dying because I could not play with my sister any more." Another well to do boy said, "I am afraid of dying because when one is dead one cannot see the men gathering the harvest of grapes and so many nice things." A little boy of 6 answered, "I fear death because I shall not be born another time after." The majority of answers to the question, "Do you want to grow old?" were in the negative. A well to do little boy of 9 years answered, "I should not like to grow old because I should have no strength to work and might die of hunger."

A little girl of 9 said, "No, because I should have to work hard for my children, to feed and clothe them." Many girls feared to become ugly, saying, "No, because I should be without teeth," and, "No, because I should be ugly," or gray, or stooping. A little girl said she would like to grow old and have grandchildren. A boy said, "Yes, so that I might go to paradise." Another of 10 years said, "Yes, because I should have finished almost all my wishes." When asked, "How would you like to live?" most of the children were very modest and did not give way to fancy.

Many poor children wished that they might live "on broth and bread," "on rice," "on polenta," or said, "I don't want to suffer cold and hunger." A child of 6, a boy, said, "I should like to live with my father and mother." Another poor boy of 10 said, "I should like to live content in my own home, because then I am happy." Another poor orphan boy of 10 said, "I should like to have enough to live on and go and be with my father and specially my mother, of whom I am always thinking." Very few expressed a wish to live in a class superior to their own, but a boy of 7 said, "I should like to live without working and be a gentleman." Another of 6 years replied, "I should like to live well dressed and have a hat and go out walking." A little girl of 9 said, "I should like to live like a lady and never work and always be served." To the question, "How would you like to die?" the answers frequently alluded to family life. A boy of 6 said, "I should like to die in bed with my mother." One of 10 answered, "I should like to die at 82 years, with my parents by my side." One boy of 11 would like to die "with the hope of finding my parents and brothers and sisters." A boy of 13 said, "I should like to die all alone, leaving no brother or any one else on earth." There were some small boys who wished to die on the field of battle, and others who did not wish to grow old because they would have to serve in the army. Two or three wished to die and have "a fine funeral." One or two were more religious: "I should like to die kneeling before God. I should like to die and go with the Lord and the angels of paradise, with my hands crossed on my breast."—London News.

WHALE HUNTING.

First American Whaler Was Accused of Sorcery—Valuable Catches.

The whale fisheries pursued for many years with great profit to the whalers of Massachusetts and Long Island are now but a shadow of their former proportions. Forty years ago nearly 600 whaling vessels sailed from New Bedford, Mass., and returned with oil and whalebone worth nearly $7,000,000. Whale oil then sold for $2.75 a gallon and whalebone was worth $6 a pound. Now that the whaling grounds have been denuded of their riches, the docks of New Bedford are almost deserted of whalers, for few fishermen are hardy enough to venture into antarctic waters, where the remnants of formerly vast schools of whales fled for security.

The whaling industry is one of the oldest in America. It was established in 1755. It reached its most profitable period 95 years later. Since 1860 it has been decreasing in importance and profit. Today it adds very little to the wealth of New Bedford.

A writer in The Fishing Gazette says: "One William Hamilton was the first person who killed whales on the New England coast. He was born in Scotland in 1643 and, coming to this country in the early part of his life, took up his residence at Cape Cod, where he was persecuted by the inhabitants for killing whales as one who dealt with evil spirits. Whaling was afterward carried on by a Mr. Paddock, who went to Nantucket about the middle of 1680 for the purpose of instructing the English in the art of whaling in boats from the shore, which business continued good and profitable till the year 1760, when it diminished in consequence of the scarcity of whales. In 1718 whales were pursued on the ocean in small sloops and schooners of from 30 to 50 tons. The blubber was brought home and tried or boiled in try houses. A few years later vessels of larger burden were employed and the oil boiled out in try works at sea.

"The most valuable catch ever made by a whaleship was that of the Onward, Captain Allen, which arrived in New Bedford after a 41 months' cruise with a cargo worth over $275,000, of which the captain's share was $33,000. The total value of the whole product of the whales brought into New Bedford during the 52 years for which a record has been kept is more than $145,000,000.

"The average ship, carrying a crew of 30 hands, used to cost about $35,000. The ships were owned by companies, which supplied provisions and clothing and all the necessaries of the voyage and advanced certain sums of money for the captain and his crew to leave for the support of their families while they were away. No wages were paid to either the officers or the sailors, but each had his share in the proceeds of the voyage, and the balance was divided among the stockholders when they returned. The captains and mates were hardy New Englanders, but the crews were mostly Portuguese from the Canary, Madeira and Azore islands."

MAKING READY FOR A RUN.

A Locomotive Is Almost as Carefully Groomed as a Race Horse.

"Running the Fast Express" is the title of an article by George Ethelbert Walsh in St. Nicholas. Mr. Walsh says:

The engineer comes down to his post of duty nearly an hour before his train is scheduled to leave. All night long in the roundhouse the engine has been carefully watched; a wiper has spent the whole night rubbing down the panting, snorting iron horse until every rod and cylinder shines like gold or silver; the banked fire has been kept going, so that a little steam has been always in the boxes, and before he left at night the fireman put everything in perfect order inside the cab. The fireman appears first in the morning and inspects the work of the roundhouse men, and if any part is not satisfactory he makes it so. The engineer makes his inspection after the fireman and thoroughly and carefully examines every part. All the bearings are then oiled, and the oil cups are filled with oil. Next the engine is run out of the roundhouse and tested. Fifteen minutes before the time to start the engine is coupled to the train, and the steam and airbrakes are tested.

No race horse was ever brought to his post better fitted for running the course than is the locomotive of the fast express. In addition to the tests already made, a mechanic goes from wheel to wheel, and upon every one strikes a sharp, resounding blow to ascertain if the wheel and axle are sound. Nuts and bolts are examined. The engineer and fireman are held responsible for the perfect condition of the engine and cars before the start is made.

A Long Sentence.

Williston Palmer is the name of a white man against whom there are sentences of 209 years in the Georgia penitentiary. Palmer was originally sent up for 11 years from south Georgia for burglary. Shortly afterward, while working in the mines of Dade county, he attempted, with other convicts, to escape, and in the melee that followed he killed two of the guards. He was tried some time ago for the killing of the first guard and got 99 years. He was then put on trial for the killing of the other man and got 99 years more.—Exchange.

Comparative.

A.—My wife says she saw the lights all burning in your house as she came home from the ball at 3 o'clock in the morning. She thought it a little strange.

B.—A little strange? It was a little stranger.—London Tit-Bits.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is doing considerable small ones.—F. W. Robertson.

The tailors in Paris make clothes "a l'Anglais" (in English fashion), and the London tailors "a la Francaise" (in French fashion).

GRANNY'S "YARBS."

She dosed the boy with calomel,
Then gave him catnip tea,
And yet he didn't feel quite well.
He had the grip, you see.

She gave him tansy, boneset, squills,
Rubbed tallow on his chest
And fed him lots of blue mass pills,
Which quickly did the rest.

By this time John could not get up,
And as he lay in bed
She drenched him from a quassia cup
Till he was nearly dead.

And when at last the doctor came
And fetched poor Johnny round
Folks said, "'Twas granny, all the same,
Kept him above the ground."
—J. L. Heaton in "Quilting Bee."

"THANK YOU."

It Is the Small Courtesies That Make Life Worth Living.

"On every hand one hears of the neglect to say 'Thank you,'" writes Edward W. Bok on "The Saying of 'Thank You,'" in The Ladies Home Journal. "I wonder sometimes if some people really know how little of what comes to them is their due and right and how much of what comes to them is by favor and courtesy. The vast majority of things which come to us come by pure favor, by courtesy. And we should recognize this. No act of kindness, however slight, should go unnoticed. A 'Thank you' is a simple thing to say. It requires but a few moments to write it, but it often means much. It means everything sometimes to the person receiving it. It means a renewed faith in human nature in some cases. A word of thanks is never lost, never wasted. If it sometimes seems to be lost upon the person to whom it is directed, its expression has not been lost upon some one else who has heard it. It is certainly not lost upon ourselves. The most of us are quick enough to thank some one who does us great service. But the small courtesy, just as great as the large service in reality, we overlook. It doesn't seem worth while to give thanks for small things. And yet what would we be today and where would some of us be but for the small courtesies of life? They are what make life worth living.

"It is all very well to have the last Thursday of each November set apart as a day of Thanksgiving, but it would be far better if a great many of us carried the spirit of the day into all the other days. Perhaps if we did so we might have more mercies to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day. Do not let the spirit of thanks stop with nightfall on Thanksgiving day. Let us extend it to all the other days of the year, to the people whose lives touch ours. When we receive a favor at the hands of any one, no matter how small it may be, let us say the words, 'Thank you.' If they should be written, let us write them. Let us not delay them, but take advantage of the instant when our heart is touched. Let there be more 'Thank yous' said by everybody—thousands of them. And the world will be a better, brighter and happier place to live in because of them."

Music and Health.

Music, if we are to believe ancient historians, has produced some very extraordinary effects. The fierceness of Achilles was allayed by playing on the harp; Damon, with the same instrument, quieted wild and drunken youths, and Asclepiades in a similar manner brought back seditious multitudes to temper and reason. The corybantes and effeminate priests of Cybele were incited by music to cut their own flesh. Pindar addressed his harp thus: "Thou quenchest the raging thunder!" Music is also reported to have been efficacious in removing dangerous diseases. Mirandola observes, in explanation of its being appropriated to such an end, that music moves the spirits to act upon the soul as medicine does the soul by the body. Theophrastus, in his essay on "Enthusiasm," reports many cures upon this principle. The Thebans used the pipe for the cure of many disorders, and Zenocrates is said to have cured several madmen. The bite of the tarantula is said to have been cured by music, and the Phrygian pipe was recommended by many of the ancient fathers as an antidote to sciatica. We could enumerate many other instances of the estimation, amounting, as it would seem, to palpable superstition, in which music was held among the ancients, but the above may be considered sufficient.—New York Ledger.

A Democratic King.

The king of Sweden arranges his time to the best advantage. After an early breakfast with the queen he gives audience to public officials and Swedish, Norwegian and also foreign ministers as well as reviewing and inspecting troops, and so forth. Friday is occupied by a council meeting, and Tuesday morning is given to the public. As "father of his people," he sees even the poorest peasant and most unknown being in his kingdom who wishes to speak with him and gives audience alone, no third person being present. The evenings and indeed the best part of the night King Oscar gives up to his literary pursuits. His poems and romances are now well known for their artistic excellence.

Meteors.

Some time ago people on the Ramsgate cliffs, England, saw what was thought to be two rockets fired by a ship in distress on the Goodwins. The lifeboat went to the rescue and ascertained from the lightship men that the lights observed from the shore were not rockets, but falling meteors.

Married men who are obliged to get up in the middle of the night with the baby should study the value of the bicycle as a means of indoor travel.—Roxbury Gazette.

All birds when perched on trees or bushes serve as weathercocks, as they invariably arrange themselves with their heads to the wind.

ELEVEN HANDS OF POKER.

They Ought to Have Won Every Time, but Didn't.

It's the bewildering uncertainties of the great game of poker that make it so popular with most Americans. Systems and the law of average do not seem to obtain as much in the play of this game as they do in most other games of chance and skill. This point never was more strikingly illustrated than it was one night not long ago in the short space of half an hour.

The game is a regular institution on one of the late suburban trains out of New York. The first stop that is made by this train is exactly 30 minutes after the train leaves New York. The game always starts on time, and the cards are gathered up and the players jump off usually as the train begins to get headway after the first stop.

This explanation is necessary to fully appreciate the array of hands that makes the real point of this story. One player with a good memory held in the 30 minutes' play the following hands, with these results:

Four aces—won, of course.
Five full on aces—beaten.
One flush—beaten.
One straight—beaten.
Three aces—beaten.
Four sets of aces up—all beaten.
Three sevens—beaten.
Queens up—won.
Jacks up—won.
Tens up—won.
Nines up on fours—beaten.

In this really remarkable collection of 11 hands only 4 of them were winners, and yet the man who held them says that he came out even. He got scared on his five full and on his flush and just called. He lost considerable on his three aces, but he won more on his queens up that he held only once than he did on his four aces. His jacks up netted him more than any other hand, for he had them pat and played them so on the opening of a fat jack pot.

The five full was beaten by a ten full and the flush was beaten by a queen full. None of the other men in the game thought that his hand was especially strong or weak, and it would be expected naturally that the array of hands given above would quit the game considerably to the good if one did not know that most of them were beaten.—New York Press.

FAMILY DISPUTES.

How They Were Once Settled by Fair Fight In Court.

In some parts of Germany, when the relations of husband and wife become strained, so to speak—in other words, when each returning day gives birth to new squabbles and the man's hand is as ready as the woman's tongue—the couple were brought before the magistrate, who, after listening to recriminations, ordered them to prepare for the ordeal by battle. The man was placed in a cask, which was then nearly filled with sand, so that he was covered up to the waist. In some towns a pit was kept handy for the purpose, just as the ducking stool was kept on Bankside, opposite St. Paul's. When he was thus half buried, the man received a short stick for his right hand, while his left hand was tied up across his chest. He was thus one armed and could only deliver his blows if his opponent came near enough.

The lady put on a linen garment, the right sleeve of which was lengthened. In the end was tied up a stone. The sleeve projected about 12 inches beyond her hand. She had thus a formidable weapon, but in order to use it she had to get close to the enemy. Now observe the situation and the chances. If she succeeded in bringing the stone down upon her husband's head, she might knock him senseless; she might even brain him, but in order to do so she would expose herself to the full blow of his stick. The battle might, in fact, be settled by a single assault. But mark the craftiness of man. It was better to make a woman ridiculous than to knock her silly. The husband, therefore, if he was a philosopher, did not try to hit his wife; he warded her blows with his stick. He tried to catch the sleeve upon his stick; then the stone flew round and round and the lady was caught. She could not move, and the victorious husband dragged her unwilling head first into his cask.—London Queen.

A Crusher.

An amusing story is told of the crown princess of Italy, who excited so much interest during her recent visit to London. The Montenegrin royal family is one of the oldest in Europe, but also one of the poorest, and the court is not large. When Princess Helene arrived in Rome, a distinguished lady in waiting tried to patronize her, but the crown princess effectually put a stop to this at once. "Your royal highness must find the court life a great change. The etiquette and stiffness must be very novel to your royal highness," was the remark made, but the princess replied, with sang froid, "On the contrary, I think it is wonderful how well things are done at court here—considering it is so very 'new.'"—Exchange.

Headaches.

For most aches of the head the hot water bag is a good friend, but when the face has the flush and the eyes show a peculiar look which tell of a congestive headache then heat in that neighborhood is insupportable. Instead of this apply cold. If you have no ice bag, fill your hot water bag pretty full of ice water, put in pieces of ice as large as will pass the mouth and lay this at the back of the patient's neck. Applied to the armpits and wrists, ice often affords great relief to the sufferer.

When Mr. Labouchere, the English journalist, was in St. Petersburg at one time, he saw the Dutch minister at a reception dive his hand deep into a box of cigars placed for the use of visitors and fill his pockets full of them before going.

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THE CLOVE TREE.

How the Buds Are Prepared For the Uses of Commerce.

The clove tree is a native of the Molucca islands and belongs to the far-spread family of myrtles. It is a tall, very handsome evergreen, with ovate, oblong leaves and purplish flowers, arranged in corymbs on short jointed stalks. The flowers are produced in great profusion, and when they appear, which is at the beginning of the rainy season, they are in the form of elongated, greenish buds. These unexpanded buds are the cloves of commerce, which derive their name from the Spanish word clavo, "a nail," so called from the real or fancied resemblance of the bud to a nail.

Sometimes the clove fruit appears in commerce in a dried state, under the name of "mother cloves." It has an odor and flavor similar to cloves, but is much weaker.

The flower buds are beaten from the tree and are dried by the smoke of wood fires and afterward by the sun. If the buds remain on the trees, the calices gradually swell, the embryo seeds enlarge and the pungent properties of the cloves are to a great degree dissipated.

Cloves consist of two parts, a round head, which is, in fact, the flower rolled up, inclosing a number of small filaments, and the four points that surround the flower and form the flower cup of the unripe seed vessel. When they are soaked for a short time in hot water, the flowers soften and readily unroll, so that all of the parts may be seen.

The entire clove tree is highly aromatic, and the foot stalks of the leaves have nearly the same pungent quality as the calyx of the flower.—Philadelphia Times.

LIGHTNING BUGS.

Taken For the Enemy's Fire, They Led to a Pitched Battle.

G. H. Bell, a prominent merchant of Liberty, Neb., told an interesting story of how a swarm of lightning bugs caused a shot and shell engagement between two armies during the late war.

"I was a member of the Twenty-fifth Ohio regiment," said Mr. Bell, "and Mr. G. W. Harris, whom I met on my visit here, was with the Fifty-fifth Tennessee. I just discovered that we fought each other one night in May, 1864, at New Hope Church, Ga. Lightning bugs in Georgia are more plentiful than watermelons in August by several millions to the square mile, and on more than one occasion they gave us trouble.

"About 2 o'clock in the morning as the two armies lay in their respective works, 400 yards apart, a nest of bugs hove in sight, as we afterward learned. The armies were too close for pickets. Suddenly there was a flash of light. Each side thought the other had opened fire in some mysterious way, and we began to shoot. We blazed away at one another for an hour or more and Bedlam reigned with shot and shell. The timber between the lines was all killed as if belted with an ax. Fortunately no lives were lost.

"It was only the other day that I learned the extent of the damage caused by that swarm of lightning bugs. I asked Harris how long his side was firing, and he said until their ammunition gave out. We were in the same fix, and if it hadn't been for our poverty in this respect that engagement would have been terribly fatal."—St. Louis Republic.

Certain Irish Stories.

A Roman deacon was sent for to baptize a baby. In the cabin he could find no water, but there was a pot of tea. "Tea," he reasoned, "contains water, the rest is but accident," and proceeded to pour out a cup. But it was strong, even to blackness, so he went in search of water, and, having found some, watered the tea down to a more reasonable color, christened the baby with it, and reported the circumstance, as a case of conscience, to his superior. It had not occurred to him, having found the water, to use it by itself.

Here is a tutor's letter of condolence to a bereaved parent. This was unkindly attributed to Oxford. The tutor wrote, "I am sincerely grieved to hear the sad news of your son's death, but I must inform you he would have had to go down in any case, as he had failed to satisfy the examiners in classical moderations."

One other story, I may add here, as it serves to illustrate a certain disparity often noticeable between Saxon and Celtic word values, and also the way in which Irish orators discount their own rhetoric. A home ruler was haranguing on English terrorism, and after drawing a horrid picture of babies speared on the points of bayonets, etc., he concluded: "If that's your civilization, you may keep it. I call it most improper."—Cornhill Magazine.

Life.

Life has no other origin than life itself, and this is one of the great truths which the labors of pathologists and biologists of the present century have established beyond the possibility of a doubt. If the life that is taken from life is taken from a highly developed life, so will be the wife that is taken. My earnest hope and belief is that the final mystery of life, the key to life, the principle which keeps life alive, will be solved by the biologists before all the members of the present congress are dead.—Professor Virchow to International Congress at Moscow, Aug. 19, 1897.

Remarkable Mirages.

The Sudan expedition, while engaged in laying the new Nile railway, saw some remarkable mirages. From a distance the men appeared to be working in a beautiful lake, and on all sides were to be seen lakes, beautifully wooded hills, ships and cascades. When looked at through fieldglasses the illusion was heightened rather than diminished.

Telephones In Bed.

One of the most ingenious applications of the telephone is the portable form, which is known as the portable hospital telephone. Its particular use is to enable people in a sickroom in which an infectious disease is being nursed to communicative with the people in the rest of the house.

In hospitals this simple adaptation of the telephone to the requirements of the situation will be found invaluable, but an even greater field for its utility will be the private house.

The irksomeness of having some of the infectious diseases in a mild form is multiplied tenfold by the enforced seclusion of the patient, who is suddenly cut off from intercourse with the rest of the family. Now, by the mere addition of this little instrument to the furniture of the apartment, it is possible for a sick person to keep up a conversation with any member of the rest of the family, and in this way the tedium which is inseparable from the compulsory isolation may be relieved.

Furthermore, the nurse will by its means be saved a good many journeys, even in noninfectious cases, for she can ask for things to be brought to her at odd times which in the ordinary course she would have to go for, or at least ring a bell and have some one come to the door to ask what she required.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Human Printing Press.

General Joseph S. Smith of Maine tells how he published a paper without a press in Bath, Me., many years ago: "When I'd get my paper all set up and ready for the press, I'd lay the type on a washstand, get it all leveled down well in the chase, or the frame in which 'twas locked up, and then I'd call in the hired girl. She weighed about 210 when she sat down. That's what I wanted—sitting down weight. So, after the hired girl came in I inked the type, laid over it the sheet of paper and on top of that the blanket, and then I politely invited the hired girl to sit down on the washstand. Two hundred and ten pounds, remember! The result was just as good an impression as you could get on any $100 hand press made in the United States. My edition in those days was about 200 copies, and the hired girl was good for the job at one sitting—no, at 200 sittings. And she took an interest in it, too, and was just as ready for business every publication day as a $20,000 Hoe perfecting press would be."

Inconvenient.

James Payn recalls that when young and romantic he agreed with a friend to ascend Helvellyn from Thirlmere to see the sun rise. The guide called them, as it seemed to Mr. Payn, in the middle of the night, and he quite agreed with his friend when the latter persuasively asked the guide, who was expatiating on the beauties of the dawn, "Don't you think that the sunset would be almost as beautiful?" This recalls the undergraduate who when rebuked by the dean of the college for not coming to morning chapel replied: "But 7 o'clock is such an inconvenient hour, sir. If it were 4 or even 5, one could sit up for it."

JOHNSON'S BOSWELL.

The Alleged Original Source of Our Knowledge of English Literature.

To some of us—I suspect, indeed, to a good many—Boswell represents the original source not only of knowledge about Johnson, but of our knowledge of English literature in general. He was our introducer to the great anonymous club formed by English men of letters from the days when Shakespeare met Ben Jonson to the days when Carlyle discoursed to Froude. We became members of the craft in spirit under Boswell's guidance, whether we have or have not become actually identified with it in the flesh. It therefore becomes next to impossible to abstract from Boswell—all our later knowledge has been more or less ingrafted upon him, however far we may have traveled from the source. Boswell gave the nucleus, and more or less consciously we have used his world as a standard inevitably taken into account in all later judgments. To suppose Boswell nonexistent is for such readers to suppose a kind of organic change in our whole estimate of literary characteristics.

When reading, especially about some of the other famous talkers, Coleridge's monologues or Sydney Smith's explosions of fun, I find myself thinking how they would have sounded at the Miter or the Turk's Head. Thanks to Boswell, I take the Johnsonian article to be a fixed datum like the official yard at the Tower, and to be asked to put that out of my head is to be invited to deprive myself of my only measuring rod. It is exceedingly difficult, at any rate, to put oneself outside of Boswell and to construe a portrait of Johnson simply out of such other materials as are here put together.

I have read Hawkins and Mrs. Piozzi and the rest, but always with the help of the preconceived notions. Where they could be fitted into Boswell I have accepted them as corroborations, but when they differed I have probably rejected the uncongenial elements with perhaps a careless assumption that they must be inaccurate, and yet it seems only justice to these respectable persons to consider whether we ought not to reopen the point. If Mme. D'Arblay saw something of Johnson which was not revealed to Boswell, may we not discover similar supplementary hints in the other attempts at portraiture?—Leslie Stephen in National Review.

Diamonds.

Professor Crookes, in his recent remarkable lecture on diamonds, mentioned some interesting facts concerning that always popular subject. When in examining diamonds under polarized light the black cross of the polarizer revolves around a particular spot in the inside of the crystal and the point is examined with a high power, a slight flaw and more rarely a minute cavity are sometimes seen. This cavity is filled with gas at an enormous pressure, and the strain which is set up in the stone by the effort of the gas to escape is not infrequently removed only by the explosion of the gem. It is not at all uncommon for a diamond to explode soon after it reaches the surface, and some have been known to burst in the pockets of the miners or when held in the warm hand. Large crystals are more liable to burst than smaller pieces. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way, and it is whispered that cunning dealers have often done a handsome stroke of business by allowing responsible clients to handle or carry in their warm pockets large crystals fresh from the mine. By way of safeguard against explosion some dealers embed large diamonds in raw potatoes to insure safe transit on the ocean voyage.

Professor Crookes showed that a diamond could actually be too hard. From a rich yield of beautifully white diamonds in New South Wales great things were expected. When a parcel of many hundred carats came to England, it was found they were so hard as to be practically unworkable as gems, and they were ultimately sold for rock boring purposes. The intense hardness of the diamond was illustrated by an experiment. The diamond was placed on the flattened apex of a conical block of steel, and on it was brought down a second cone of steel. As these cones were forced together by hydraulic power the image of the diamond and the steel faces of the cones were projected on the screen with an electric lantern. The stone was seen to be squeezed right into the steel blocks without being injured in the slightest degree.

Limbless Cotton.

An interesting sight at Opelika, Ala., is a patch of "limbless" cotton. The plants are from five to seven feet high and have no limbs or branches at all. The bolls form on little twigs two and three inches long, and when in bloom the stalk presents the appearance of a white column. A crop of about four bales to the acre is what is expected under fair conditions. This Alabama patch is the property of the Rev. I. N. Fitzpatrick, a presiding elder of the negro Methodist church, and such is his care of his unique crop and his confidence in his neighbors that he watches it at night with a dog and gun.—Exchange.

Kilts.

Between 150,000 and 200,000 kilts are made every year. The kilted regiments of regulars, militia and volunteers number some 17 battalions. As the military kilt is only provided biennially this represents a supply of 7,000 a year.

Among the many devices to assist the blind one of the best is a typewriter in which the keys have raised letters and which punctuates the paper with either letters or the dots contained in one of the blind alphabets.

In North Dakota the killing of quail and English and Chinese pheasants is prohibited until 1906, and beaver and otter cannot be trapped and killed until 1903.

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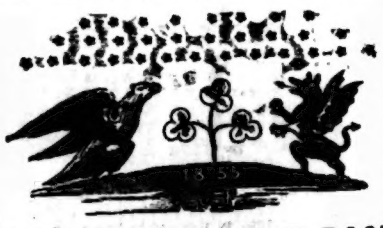

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Oct. 25, 1897.

P. L. McKINNIE, President.

JOHN MOFFITT, Secretary.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JULIA ENRIGHT, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Julia Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December, A. D. 1897, being the 20th day thereof.

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